



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

The · Last ·
Penacook.

LIBRARY

—OF—

Bethany Mission Sabbath School,
ELLIOTT BOROUGH, PA.

NO. 57

SUNDAY SCHOOL EVERY SUNDAY

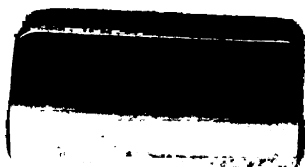
At 3:30 o'clock p. m.

You are Invited.

A cordial welcome extended to all who
come.

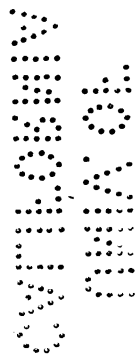
Return this Book promptly in one
week with privilege of renewing in or-
der that others may not be deprived of
its use.

Be careful that it is not abused or de-
faced while in your possession.



GIFT OF
Prof. C. A. Kofoed







CATAMOUNT, THE LAST PENACOOK.

Frontis.

THE LAST PENACOCK

A TALE OF PRODIGAL LIVING

BY
JOEL P. BERRY

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



PUBLISHED BY
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY
110 N. CLINTON AND HARVARD STREETS

TO VINO
LIBERTY



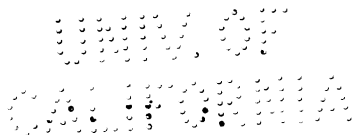
THE LAST PENACOOK

A TALE OF PROVINCIAL TIMES

BY

ABEL B. BERRY

//



BOSTON
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY
FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS

AS
3-1

COPYRIGHT, 1887,

BY

D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY.

ALPHABET

Gift of Prof. C. A. Kofoid

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
CHAPTER I.	
STRANGE VISITORS	7
CHAPTER II.	
INTERFERENCE OF NEIGHBORS . .	15
CHAPTER III.	
THE REMOVAL	23
CHAPTER IV.	
JIM	39
CHAPTER V.	
TO ESCAPE TROUBLE	44
CHAPTER VI.	
SAFETY IN THE WILDERNESS . .	51
CHAPTER VII.	
ARRIVAL OF THE HOUSEHOLD . .	57

	PAGE.
CHAPTER VIII.	
THE BOY HUNTERS	63
CHAPTER IX.	
CLOSING WINTER DAYS	68
CHAPTER X.	
THE INDIAN CATAMOUNT	77
CHAPTER XI.	
ANOTHER STRANGER AT THE CABIN .	84
CHAPTER XII.	
THE AFFAIRS OF THE PROVINCE . .	100
CHAPTER XIII.	
IN THE CABIN	107
CHAPTER XIV.	
THE GOVERNOR'S PARTY	114
CHAPTER XV.	
ALMOST A CALAMITY	121
CHAPTER XVI.	
A PLOT FOR REVENGE	131

CONTENTS.

v

PAGE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ARREST 142

CHAPTER XVIII.

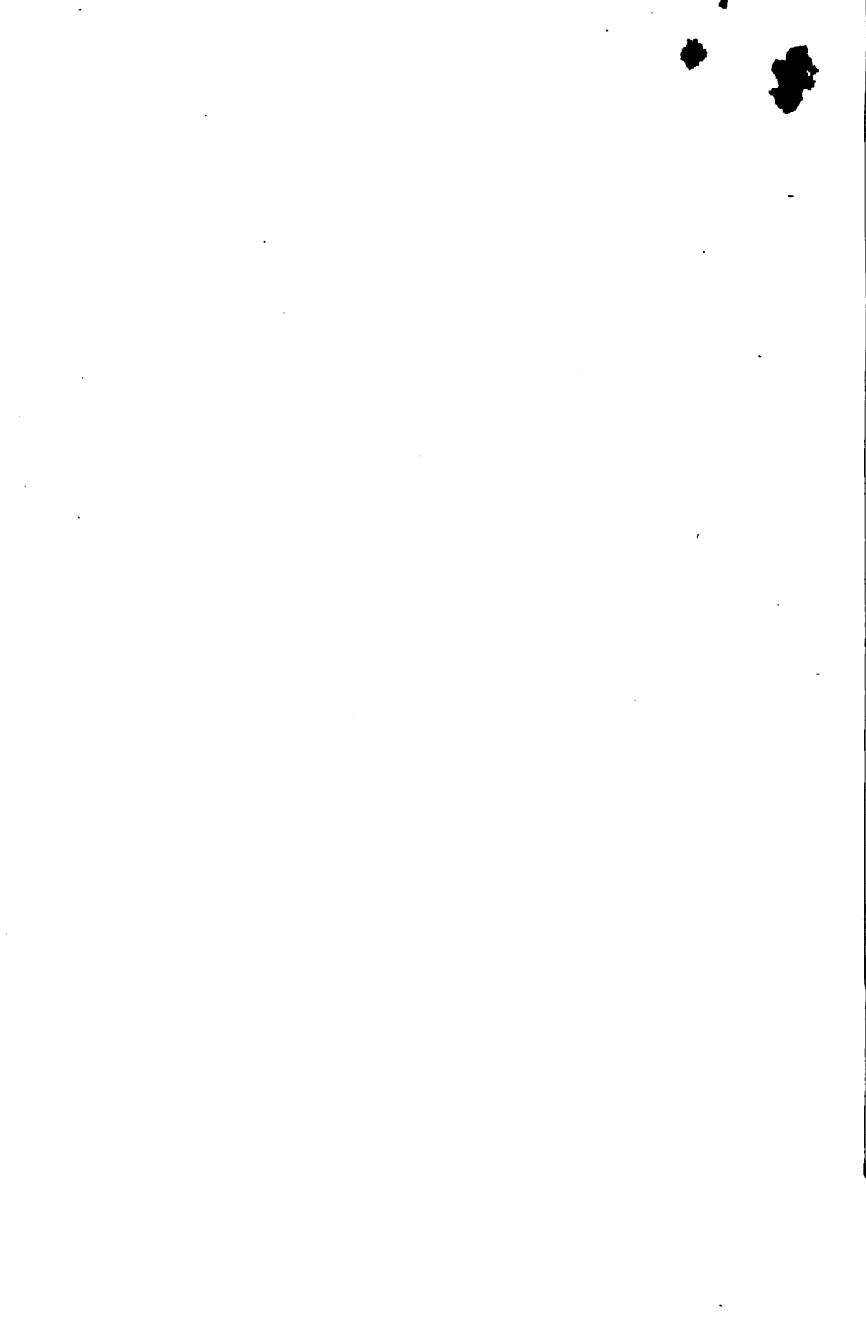
THE SEARCH. 151

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DISCOVERY 165

CHAPTER XX.

THE TRIAL 173



THE LAST PENACOOK.

CHAPTER I.

STRANGE VISITORS.

SOMEWHERE on the coast of New Jersey, during the early part of the last half of the last century, there stood a little rude hut, so near the surf-beaten shore, that it was often drenched, when storms were abroad, with the salt spray of the dashing waves.

The location of the little dwelling was a peculiar one. It stood at the head of a little bay, across the entrance of which, except on one side, was a low reef of rocks, but high enough not to be wholly covered at flood tide, unless at times when the tide was very high. A sandy and gravel beach a few feet high rises up from the water's edge at high tide, and upon this stood the little cabin, its door, when open, command-

TO WHOM ABANDONED STRANGE VISITORS.

ing a view of the open sea. A few rods back of the cabin rose low, sandy, and mostly barren hills or dunes. The place altogether had a barren, desolate and unpropitious aspect. The wonder was, that any human being should select such a spot for habitation.

The cabin itself seemed made mostly of drift-wood and poles, and yet was devoid wholly of the appearance of squalor and degradation, usually observable around places of poverty and want. The inmates of this humble dwelling were a man about thirty years old, and his wife, somewhat younger, and one child, a feeble, puny little boy four or five years of age, who required the most assiduous care to keep alive in his feeble frame the flickering flame of life. The father was a mild-tempered man, tall, slender, and slightly round-shouldered. His light hair and rather fair complexion gave him almost a youthful look. The light of his clear blue eye showed that he was not of that hopeless, shiftless, worthless class known as poor whites of a later generation, and the wonder would arise at once, why was he content to dwell in this forlorn and desolate place?

Though it might have no attraction to many, and would seem even repulsive to most, the place had its charms for Than (contraction for Nathan or Nathaniel) Clifford, who may be said to have been of an amphibious nature, procuring a livelihood from both sea and land. His wife was a tidy little body, whose life seemed bound up in that of her child, whom she watched and cared for, with apparently sleepless anxiety.

It would seem that their location must, of necessity, cut them off from all communication with the rest of the world; but about two miles inland was a small settlement, mostly tillers of the soil, of which both the inmates of the cottage were natives. Nor were they in other respects wholly beyond the reach of intercourse with a certain class of the rest of the world.

Almost in the rear of their cabin, and quite near to it, was a copious spring of most excellent water, from which flowed a little stream to mingle with the great ocean of waters — like the infant whose life goes out, after a brief existence here, to mingle with the spirit of the Eternal and the Infinite.

Both the little bay and the spring of water

were known to the coasters that traded between the Northern and Southern provinces, for the Independent United States, as a nation, was a thing then, yet to be. Stress of weather, or want of fresh water, occasionally caused a coaster to put in at what they had named Cold Spring Cove. To those on board, a string of perch or pickerel from a large pond half a mile from the cabin, or a few wild ducks, or other water fowl, were always acceptable, and for which they paid liberally, as is characteristic of sailors.

It was his love of the life of a hunter, or gunner and fisher, that had induced Than Clifford to select this as the place of his residence. He had erected the hut, and spent several years here alone, before he took a wife to share with him the blessings of his home. They lived a simple, happy life, in their way, and were content with their lot, which is a great factor in the make-up of human happiness. And here they seemed destined to live their allotted time on earth, and would have done so, doubtless, but for an event that occurred one summer night as they watched over their feeble and suffering child.

It was a clear, bright, calm moonlight night ;

scarcely a breath of air was perceptible, and, except the low moan of the little sufferer, no sound was heard save the sigh of the old ocean as its light waves rippled and sighed on the sandy beach.

The only light that the cabin afforded was from a pitch-pine knot that blazed brightly, fastened to a hook suspended on the crane in the deep fireplace of the rude stone chimney. It was past midnight, and the child which had from sunset tossed restlessly with a burning fever, began to beg piteously for water, — cold water.

“O mamma! water, — cold water; do give me water!”

Thus he had called on mamma or papa, when at last the kind-hearted father said, “He shall have some water.”

“Folks say cold water is drefful bad in fevers,” replied the little wife sadly and doubtfully.

“The little fellow can’t live, and he shall have what he wants now,” said the father, as he seized the gourd-shell dipper, and, hurrying to the spring, soon returned it brimming with the coveted beverage. Gently raising the frail little boy, he seized the dipper with both hands, and

nearly swallowed its contents before he could be restrained. The terrified parents expected to see the child breathe his last from the fatal effects of the heavy draught of cold water, but instead, his restlessness abated and he fell into a quiet sleep.

While they remained watching in almost breathless silence, the sound of the measured dip of oars was heard from the deep, then the low murmur of voices, followed very soon by the grate of the keel or prow of a boat upon the gravelly shore. Footsteps approached, and a man in the garb of a sailor, with a slightly foreign accent, spoke to them from the open door:

"Our vessel has been wrecked at sea, and we have a young child whose friends are in another boat. We have seen your light, and have come to leave the child for a few days, when its friends will come for it."

"Ye're welcome tu; and if 'twant for our sick little boy, we'd make room for ye all," said Than.

"If we get shelter for the child we can take care of ourselves," returned the stranger.

Thereupon a young woman of comely appear-

ance, but evidently of partly African lineage, entered, bearing a child asleep in her arms, which she laid upon the bed in the room, and, as she did so, burst into tears as she hung a moment over her sleeping charge.

"Come along," said the stranger harshly, as he stood outside the door.

"Dear child," sobbed the young woman, "your mother's an angel, and will watch over you, now," and, turning, left the cabin. Just then two men set a trunk or chest inside the door, and without further words the strangers returned to their boat and pushed off.

Than and his wife, for a moment forgetful of their sick boy, stood listening in silence till every sound died away on the deep. They then turned to look upon the face of the little stranger, and as Debby turned back the light silken veil, she exclaimed:

"As white as a lily! and du see! what a picter it is. I was afeered 'twas a color'd baby."

"'Pears ter me them was queer sort o' folks," said Than. "They said their ship'd been cast away, but there hain't been no storm for more'n a month that would wreck a skiff at sea."

"Ye know," said his wife, "they said somebody'd come for the child. It's a little girl."

"Wal, p'raps they will," said Than. Then turning to their own sick boy, they grew alarmed for fear he was dead, his breathing was so soft and low, but they soon became convinced of their mistake, for he was in a profuse perspiration.

CHAPTER II.

INTERFERENCE OF NEIGHBORS.

ALL in the little cabin by the sea slept soundly long after the sun was up, but a heavy mist had settled down over sea and shore, shutting out its bright beams. When she awoke, the stranger girl who was little, if any, more than a year and a half or two years old, started up and looked with alarm on the strange faces around her, and the place in which she found herself, and began to cry and call for "Tay," "Tay!"

The strange voice awoke the sick boy, who, to the surprise of his parents, rose and sat up on his tiny couch or bed. The little stranger seeing him, stopped crying and looked pleased, and the kindly voice and manner of the hunter's wife soon allayed all fears on the part of the little girl.

She was in her night clothes when brought to the cabin. Everything about her, and her

clothes, of which there were many changes in the chest left with her, were of rich and beautiful material, but no name appeared on anything except a little cap, which had the name Winifred, curiously wrought with dark silken hair, upon the inside.

When the child had exchanged her night dress for the clothes which it was evident she had worn the day before, as they lay upon the top of the contents of the chest, she went at once to the bed on which the sick boy lay. He had sat up but a few moments after being aroused by the voice of the little stranger, but it was evident that the fever had left him, and his happy father and mother looked upon him almost as alive from the dead. The little boy, whose name was Caleb, put out his small thin white hand, and the little girl took it in both hers, with a happy look on her sweet face.

"Poor baby sick," said she.

"The darlin'!" ejaculated the cotter's wife, who already loved the little stranger.

"She is a picter, sartin," returned her husband in an undertone. "What du ye s'pose is become of her father and mother?"

"Everything seems mysterious. Them men last night acted strange, and that air color'd woman most of all on 'em," she replied.

"S'posen nobody should never come arter the child?"

"We won't think 'bout that yit, Than; but if the Lord has sent her tu us, He'll provide a way for us to take keer on 'er."

"That's sartin, Debby."

Days came and went, and weeks glided into months, and the little waif from the mysterious deep was still a dweller unclaimed in the hunter and fisher's cabin. From the morning after her advent the puny, sickly Caleb had slowly improved, and, during the warm and pleasant weather, the two children were constantly together, amusing themselves with the shells and bright pebbles along the sea-shore.

At first, Caleb was almost as weak as infancy, and it was amusing and interesting to see how his little companion cared for and assisted him. She would throw her little arms around him, to help him get up, and when he sat down she would often take his hand in her lap and prattle and talk to him in her pretty baby way.

But he rapidly improved, and as the cooler and more bracing weather of early autumn came on, he outgrew the strength of his little companion, and in turn was often able to help and comfort her.

The cup of happiness at the cabin would seem to have been full, but that their friends and acquaintances in the neighboring settlement began to interfere, and proposed to manage their affairs for them. They insisted that it was not right that they should care for and bring up one who might be the chance offspring of some lawless rovers of the deep, and who, when she should be grown to years approaching womanhood, and be able to be of some service to them, would snatch her away without so much as a "thank you," for their trouble.

Notwithstanding Than and Debby put aside all thought of such a result, and declared they loved Winifred as dearly as though she were their own, the more worldly-wise determined to act a wiser part for them, and remove the child to some public charitable institution to be cared for.

When the cotter and his wife became aware of this they were greatly distressed. They would

scarcely have felt worse had the purpose been to take Caleb from them.

The middle of September drew on, and the time of that event, dreaded by coasters, known as "the line-storm," was at hand. Capt. Dow of Portsmouth was then making a run from that place to Charleston in the Carolinas, hoping to get safely back to port before the anticipated storm should occur. He had been to Charleston, and was on his way back, and in the vicinity of Cold Spring Cove, the location of which he was well aware, when, as night drew on, the sky blackened, and a regular "Northeaster" set in. All the canvas that it was safe to sail under, was pressed into service, to enable the vessel to reach the "Cove." The desired haven was at last made in safety, and the coaster anchored where it could ride out the toughest blow without fear of damage.

While bargaining with Than for his fresh fish and wild fowls, to supply his crew, for the storm continued several days, Capt. Dow asked him why he stayed in that barren and desolate place.

"There's nowhere else I can go tu," said Than.

"No place, man ! why, the world is large, and you can't find another place on it so forlorn and forsaken as this is. Anywhere is better than to stay and spend your days here. For the sake of those two bright children of yours, you ought to go where you can give them a chance to live and see the world," Capt. Dow told him.

"I don't know as I could get a livin' anywhere else," replied Than.

"Get a living ! bless your soul, you have hands, and an able body. Get aboard of my coaster, *The Betty*, and let me take you up to Portsmouth, and I'll warrant you'll find getting a living easy enough. There ain't men enough there to do the work that's wanted. Just say the word, and as soon as the storm abates, we'll take you aboard."

That night Than and his wife talked the matter over together.

"The Bible says the Lord will take keer on us if we du our duty, and trust in Him," said Debby.

"Duse it say so ?" asked Than.

"Yis, it duse ; and now, what had we oughter tu du ? This here little darlin' was sent tu us by

Him, and has she been any burden tu us sense she's been with us ? ”

“ No. Burden ? no ; she's jest been a little blessid darlin' tu us, and I bleeve Caleb wouldn't 'uv been half's well's he is now, if 'twan't for dear little Winnie.”

“ Jest so I think. Then if the Lord sent her tu us we'd oughter tu take keer on her,” continued Debby.

“ That's jest so.”

“ And now the Lord has sent tu us the way tu keep her, and p'raps He wants us tu go way from here. And, Than, though we are happy here now, would Caleb and Winnie be happy if they growed up here ? ”

“ Wal, Cap'n Dow says this ere is no place for a man tu live, and I s'pose 'tain't ; so we'll jest take his 'dvice, and go 'way with him.”

The sky was clear the next morning, and though the breast of old ocean heaved and moaned, the gentle west wind was rapidly soothing and calming its commotion. During their three days' imprisonment at Cold Spring Cove, by the storm, Capt. Dow and the crew of *The Betty* had become attached to the house-

hold of Than and Debby: the two children had become especial favorites.

Debby had managed to get garments adapted to their condition, for Winnie, for she said she didn't want strangers to know but she was her own child; and as Debby was herself fair and comely, no one would remark upon the beauty of the little girl.

It was the early part of June when Winnie was left at the Cove, and it was now past the middle of September, and no one had come to claim her; so Than and Debby concluded that she had been left there to be abandoned by those who had brought her to this out-of-the-way place.

Lest any one at the settlement should think foul play had been practised upon the household at the Cove, Capt. Dow left chalked upon the wall over the fireplace, —

Gone to Portsmouth, N. Hampshire, on
Board *The Betty*,

Z. Dow, *Captain*.

CHAPTER III.

THE REMOVAL.

THE stir and bustle of a commercial town like Portsmouth, even at that day, was a new experience to Than and Debby, and, for a time, they grew homesick, and sighed for the quiet of their humble cot at Cold Spring Cove.

Capt. Dow had been pretty busy on his arrival at the wharf, and, in a measure, forgot the hunter and his household. So, after a while, Than forsook *The Betty* and wandered into the town, leaving Debby and the children on board. He had not gone far when he espied what appeared to be an unoccupied place of shelter at a little distance in the rear of a mansion house, to which he went, to learn if he might be allowed to take possession of the small building that seemed to belong to the premises, and found the mansion house tenantless also.

Almost bewildered with the stir and evident energy and activity of everybody and everything

around him, he returned to *The Betty* just as Capt. Dow was making inquiry for him.

"Oh! here you are," said the burly, good-natured and kind-hearted captain. "Well, you have been taking a look at the town? It's a little different from Cold Spring Cove, eh?"

"Yis; but I most wish I was back there," said Than despondingly.

"Oh! you'll feel different after you've been here a few days. We must find you a house, the first thing."

"I seen a house up here a piece — not a great way from a great house — and there hain't nobody in neether on 'em."

"That's the Longridge place."

Just then a man of distinguished appearance approached Capt. Dow, and, addressing him respectfully, inquired after the success of his late voyage, then inquired concerning a certain matter of business in which he seemed interested in Charleston in the Carolinas.

"Yes, Governor," replied Capt. Dow, "the matter is prospering, and will prove successful."

The Governor (for it was none other than Governor John Wentworth the younger) expressed

himself well satisfied, and was turning away when Capt. Dow said :

"Gov. Wentworth, do you think there would be any objection for a poor, but honest family, to occupy the gardener's lodge at the Longridge place?"

"Not the slightest ; for my part, I think it will be well for the tenement to be occupied, and so have somebody on the premises till the owner returns."

"This is the family," pointing to Than, his wife, and the two children near.

"No matter if they are poor, if they are, as you say, honest. They can't be very poor with two such beautiful children," said the Governor, as he looked with admiration upon the face of Winnie. He was childless, though a lover and the friend of children.

"But that little boy looks puny and sickly," continued the Governor, "and needs a home. Get them up there, Captain, and I will send my servant up with something to make them comfortable. I shall need a man to work for me in place of the one who died a few days ago, and perhaps this man will make his place good."

"I dare say he will," said Capt. Dow.

Than and his household had little occasion to regret their exchange of the Cove for Portsmouth. Of course everything was new, and strange to them, at first, but they had not been long there when Debby, who was of a devout and trustful spirit, reminded Than of the promise in the Bible, that the Lord would provide for all who did right, or what they thought to be so, and trust in Him, and how it was verified in their case.

Than could not read himself, and received from his wife all he knew of the sacred volume. She was extremely limited in the extent of her literary attainments, and really had but one book, which was the Bible, but this, like the material sun of the universe, that gives light to all the other bodies, enlightens all other books, even those which seek to eclipse or hide it. Of late Debby had found more than usual comfort in its pages, and, though limited in knowledge and refinement, she became insensibly improved and, in a measure, cultured, by acquaintance with its pages.

It is surprising how greatly the circumstances

and condition of things around us affect our characters and influence our motives and purposes. The careless, easy, improvident Than of Cold Spring Cove became, in the midst of enterprise and activity, another man. The stir and commotion of trade and improvements soon became agreeable to him, and caused his blood to circulate with more energy and force.

Two or three years or more pass and Than becomes aware that the estate on which is the tenement he occupies, is claimed by several parties, because of the death of its former owner. Among them is a man whom he soon learns is very much disliked by the people of the town, owing to some base transaction in which he was suspected of being concerned several years before. The feeling of the public had run so high against him that he had been obliged to leave the town, and not till very recently had returned to it. It had become pretty generally understood that, as the nearest of kin to the former owner, Mr. Longridge, who had died abroad, or been lost at sea, he would come into possession of the property.

His name was Humphrey Dugan, but owing to the transaction of which he was suspected and

accused of, he was called Kidnapers Dugan, or simply The Kidnapers. It was four or five years after Than took possession of the gardener's lodge on the premises, that Dugan obtained the judgment of the court in his favor as the rightful possessor of the property.

He was a dark-browed, bullet-headed, sinister-looking man. Every one in Portsmouth would have preferred that any other man should have succeeded to the property of Mr. Longridge, who was a most worthy and excellent person. It was hoped that at least Dugan had somewhat improved with years, but it soon became evident that the Ethiopian had not changed his skin, or the leopard his spots.

For some reason, he had taken offence at Than, and a few days after taking possession of the premises, he came, with his servant, who was "like master, like man," and without a moment's warning turned the family out doors, and, in no very careful manner, tumbled the few effects of the household out after them, and nailed up the door.

Than was away at the time, being still in the employ of Gov. Wentworth, by whom he was

regarded with much favor. This was probably the cause of Dugan's spiteful treatment of Than's family, for Gov. Wentworth had been bitterly opposed to Dugan's getting possession of the property, as he and Mr. Longridge had been warm friends.

Gov. Wentworth was a man of very great enterprise, and not only encouraged others in manufactures, and especially in agriculture, but engaged extensively in both himself. He had bought an estate on the shore of the Winnepesaukee Lake, in the town of Wolfborough, then considered, as it really was, far in the interior, and here he built an elegant and stately mansion, and in every way improved the premises around it. His dwelling in Portsmouth was a pattern of taste and elegance.

His manufacturing operations were mostly confined to converting the forests into lumber, large quantities of which were shipped to England. The forests on the Piscataqua and its branches, which, from the main river, spread out into the country in almost every direction, abounded in the finest timber trees, especially of white pine, to be found anywhere in the world. And on all

the branches of the river were mills in active operation converting them into lumber, or were taken for the navies of the old world.

Gov. Wentworth had an interest in the mills on the Lamprey River, and had already intimated to Than that he wanted him to go up there.

Though slight of frame, Than had shown himself possessed of uncommon strength and activity, which the Governor had told him ought to be employed in some more important pursuit than that of a mere servant. This sudden breaking up of his household gave a good opportunity to make the change. The conservative nature and disposition of Than led him to dislike any change of place, or business, and unless driven into it, as he had been at leaving the Cove, on the Southern Coast, he would never have done so. But Debby quite favored the plan. Perhaps she dreaded living in the vicinity of The Kidnaper, for she had conceived a great horror of him, and Winnie, when he came to put the family from the house, actually screamed with terror at sight of him.

When Than spoke to his wife about going up to Lamprey River, as the thriving manufacturing

village of New Market was then, and long afterward called, she at once favored the plan.

"Ye know," said she, "we dreaded to leave our hut in the Cove, but the Lord opened the way for us, and would ye be willin' now tu go back there as we was then?"

"No, Debby, no. 'Twas a great mercy that sent us away from there."

"Yis, Than, so it was; and it is the same Hand that is in our breakin' up here. Let us trust in the Lord, and be led of Him. Ye know we have found Him faithful in all His promises."

"We will go," said Than. "A gundalow is goin' up to-morrow mornin', and the Governor says it can take our things, and us tu, right up there; and there's a house all ready for us."

Gundalow was the provincial, doubtless, for gondola, but the real gundalow was an equally clumsy craft, as gundalow is more clumsy and harsh in sound than gondola.

The gundalow is a huge, nearly flat-bottomed boat, or scow, capable of carrying immense loads of lumber, or merchandise, up or down the river where there is little or no current to oppose it. On the Piscataqua and its branches,

there are currents both up and down the river, in each twenty-four hours, owing to the ocean tides with which they are favored at the falls at the head of tide-water. These huge, slow-moving gundalows carry merchandise inland, and bring the products of the interior to the seaboard.

Two or three men are usually employed to man them, the principal or head one of whom is called the skipper. Early in the morning Than and his family were taken to the wharf and shipped on board a gundalow for Lamprey River, to be employed in the mills in which Gov. Wentworth and others at Portsmouth, were interested.

It was a bright, warm day in springtime, and the voyage, though slow, was a pleasant one, as it was through attractive scenes that varied at every turn. The crew consisted of the skipper, two men, and a boy, though the latter was of little account, but proved an amusing companion to the two children, Caleb and Winnie.

The skipper, whose name was Langley, was a huge, round-shouldered, blear-eyed, and yet a good-natured man. Of the other two men, one

was a mulatto, also large and muscular, with a sad face, and grizzled hair, apparently fifty or sixty years of age, and the boy was his son, but several shades lighter; his mother having been nearly or quite white. Of the remaining man little need be said, only that he was of the ordinary type of river men of that day. The colored man went by the name of Uncle Zeeb. The crew were well matched, and the utmost harmony prevailed among them.

Skipper Langley was a man of few words, and seemed often to defer to the judgment of Uncle Zeeb, in case of matters of doubt, and Nicholas Torr, which was the name of the other man, or Nick Torr, for short, was the youngest of the crew, who was a patient and faithful hand, never shirking or grumbling at the work to be done.

The boy, whose name was James, or Jim, was a funny fellow, about a dozen years old. He was no help on the gundalow, of any account, and his father kept him there to keep him out of mischief elsewhere. Trapping and fishing and scurrying round generally were more to his liking when left to himself.

Uncle Zeeb had known better, or rather hap-

pier days. Some ten or a dozen years before, he was living in Portsmouth, in a comfortable home with his family—a wife and a very comely daughter, fifteen or sixteen years of age, and Jim, who was then but a year or two old. One evening, while Uncle Zeeb was away, two men came to the door and inquired for him. Lute, the daughter, went to answer the call, and was immediately seized. She screamed, when her mouth was instantly muffled, and she was borne off struggling ineffectually to free herself or call for help.

An alarm was at once raised and an effort made to rescue the girl, but her abductors succeeded in hurrying her into a boat that was hastily rowed off to a Spanish brigantine that had put into port there a few days before. As soon as Lute was taken on board, the brigantine weighed anchor and put to sea, and that was the last that had ever been seen or heard of the girl. Her mother survived the shock but a short time, and the happy home of Uncle Zeeb was thus ruthlessly broken up forever.

There was but one man on whom suspicion fell as being concerned in the foul deed, and

that was Humphrey Dugan, who was known to be the distant relative of one of Portsmouth's most respected citizens, Jonathan Longridge. He was a gentleman engaged mostly in trade with the West Indies, and the owner of a large fortune.

On account of his wife's health he had left home to spend a winter with her in Cuba, and to look after his commercial interests there, and in other of the Islands. During the absence his wife gave birth to a child, and their stay was thus prolonged to more than double the time they anticipated being absent.

The last tidings received from him was, that his wife had died, and that with his child and its nurse he should shortly sail for home. Months and even years had passed and no tidings could be gathered of him, only that he had embarked for home on a vessel that was never after heard from. It was thus that Dugan, the hated and despised Kidnaper, as all believed him to be, became possessed of the Longridge estate. Perhaps the testimony against him was not sufficient fully to convict him of the crime, but nobody doubted his guilt, and he knew it.

There were those who went so far as to surmise that he had a hand in the fate of Mr. Longridge.

If he had sufficient means of communication with a piratical craft such as had borne off the beautiful and attractive Lute, why not connive with the same for the destruction of the vessel on which Mr. Longridge had taken passage for home, and thus gain possession of his wealth? This, of course, was all suspicion, but there were many who believed him wicked enough to accomplish it.

On the way up to Lamprey River, a very pleasant companionship was soon established between Jim and the two children.

As they were making their way slowly through Great Bay, a beautiful body of water when the tide is in, and which was now the current that bore them inland, Jim, having hooks and lines for fishing, greatly interested Caleb. He was still a pale, puny boy, but much better in health than his condition once gave promise of his being. Then, in one way and another, he made friends with Winnie, and, by tricks and performances at which he was very apt, he overcame her shyness.

As the gundalow rounded the point to pass from Great Bay into the Lamprey River, it came very near to the land. Something there attracted Jim's attention, and with the agility of a cat, or panther, he sprang from the gundalow and scampered off into the woods. In a short time he re-appeared standing on a rock near the channel of the river, holding something in his hands, and as the gundalow came alongside, brought as near as was safe by the good-natured skipper, Jim sprang safely on board and presented Winnie with a wee young rabbit.

She was afraid of it, but being assured he would neither bite nor scratch, she took the harmless little animal in her hands. It seemed alarmed at its captivity at first, but in a short time consented to feed from Winnie's hand, greatly to her delight and interest. Jim soon had a cage and all necessary arrangements provided for the little prisoner, to the great satisfaction of both children.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when the gundalow arrived at Lamprey River, and Jim made himself very serviceable in taking care of the children, and in various other ways

while Than and his wife were setting their new quarters in order.

That night Jim slept, as usual, on the gundalow, but was early at the house in the morning, to take the children out and show them around their new home. When asked if he had taken breakfast, he replied that he had had some, but could eat more ; and so was invited to sit at table with them. He had been well brought up, and took so naturally to the family and the children, that both Than and his wife were glad to have him with them, for a time, at least — until Caleb and Winnie began to feel at home ; and Uncle Zeeb was willing he should remain there.

CHAPTER IV.

JIM.

LUMBERING and milling proved a new business for Than, and for a time he was almost homesick again.

"'F 't hadn't been for that 'ere horrid Dugan, we c'u'd 'a' staid in Portsmouth," said he.

"And if 't hadn't been for them folks in the settlement by the Cove, we might 'a' staid there till this time. Du ye wish we had, Than?" said Debby.

"Du I wish it, Debby? Ye don't mean it."

"Wal, we on'y jest follered the leadin' of Providence then, and wa'n't it harder tu come 'way from the Cove than 'twas to come here?"

"Yis; 'nuff sight."

"Wall, ye see it's jest 's much the leadin' of Providence that brought us here as 'twas tu take us from the Cove to Portsmouth. So isn't it better to be thankful than tu murmur?"

"Yis, Debby, I 'spect 'tis; but a body can't

help gettin' discouraged, sometimes, at bein' knocked round 's we be, ye know."

Than, while in the employ of Gov. Wentworth, received instruction in many things of which, up to that time, he was altogether ignorant.

Gov. Wentworth, as already stated, was an enthusiast in farming, and inspired all about him with a portion of his own spirit.

It was the planting season, and land was furnished Than for everything he wished to plant or sow. And here, also, Jim was found of great service, and it was a matter of interest to see him, who had been accounted a lazy, worthless lad, destined to grow up in idleness and vagrancy, sweating and toiling to the utmost of his strength in the service of those to whom he had become so strongly attached.

One evening Than said to Debby, "What 'f we jest let Jim live with us? 'Cause he's a real help, an' as he's growin' he'll be more 'n' more help tu us."

"I shall be glad tu have him, I'm sure. Caleb likes tu go off fishin' and huntin' with him when he ain't 't work; and I can see he grows stronger."

"Jim's a good boy, I think ; but everybody says he's lazy."

"Lazy ! I never saw a boy work harder 'n he does when there's anything he can du."

"Bymeby he'll be big 'nuff to work in the saw mill, and help me a sight."

"Wal, I'll fix a bed for him, and you can talk to his father 'bout it."

"Oh ! he'll be glad to hev him stay, 'cause he told me so when I seen him t'other day."

Jim himself was delighted with the arrangement. The secret of the change that had come over him was, that he had somebody to take an interest in him, and somebody to love. He loved the whole household, and the children with all his heart. He never failed to bring home something for Winnie, when he and Caleb went hunting or fishing, leaving her at home. And always when they were not going far, he wanted her to go with them, and she, young as she was, became deeply interested in their forest rambles.

Though slight of figure, she was the picture of health, but Caleb was still pale, delicate and frail as a weed grown in the shade. By degrees, he had become able to endure almost

without fatigue, long rambles, as his frame was so slight he had little to carry. His limbs were almost as slender as the antelope's.

After Than had been engaged a year in the business at Lamprey River, he was sent to take charge of the new mill at Piscassick Falls, already mentioned, and Uncle Zeeb, who had left the gundalow and lived by himself in a little hut half-way between Lamprey River and the new mill, was employed to assist in the work. He had a large frame, and the strength almost of two common men, so that he and Than, as the saying is, made a "whole team."

Probably no place of the same extent in New England, furnished a finer quantity of white pine timber than grew along the valley of this small river running back several miles, and from half a mile to a mile wide.

Very many of the largest and finest of the trees had been culled out years before for masts, in the royal navy of England, and many had been sold also for the navies of Spain and Portugal. But they were hardly missed, so great was the multitude that towered straight up, shaft-like, toward the stars, and swayed in the breeze

and moaned as the tempest swept through them.

It seemed a sacrilege almost to sacrifice trees like these, centuries old, and still unmarred by age, to the greed of trade and commerce, but in this way only it was that the land could be subdued and brought under the hand of cultivation — a cultivation, alas! which has well nigh reduced its soil to barrenness. But a more enlightened spirit is giving rise to a wiser system of agriculture, and the time may come that lands now sterile, and almost worthless, shall become fat, productive and valuable.

The lumber manufactured from these forests was the wonder and admiration of the old world to which it was mostly carried.

CHAPTER V.

TO ESCAPE TROUBLE.

IT was strange that Humphrey Dugan should seem to be the evil genius of Than as well as of Uncle Zeeb. He had bitter spite against Gov. Wentworth, and some others in Portsmouth, for having tried to keep him from getting possession of the Longridge estate, and sought every means in his power to injure and annoy them.

It seems that at one time Mr. Longridge owned, or had an interest, in a tract of land in the vicinity of the Piscassick. Gov. Wentworth and others claimed that it was well known to everybody interested in the lumber business, that Mr. Longridge had many years before sold all his interest in the timber. But this gave to Dugan a chance to make trouble, and he claimed a part of the lumber at the mill as his own, and threatened to take it. Thereupon Than was charged to defend it, and send word down to Lamprey River for help if Dugan, or any one

else, should attempt to take any away without authority.

Dugan was as good as his word, and, procuring a gundalow, engaged teams to bring the lumber from Piscassick to the Landing at Lamprey River. He went himself with them and found only Than, Uncle Zeeb and the boy Jim there. Uncle Zeeb he had occasion to know, but did not recognize in Than any one whom he had met before. When Dugan made a demonstration upon the lumber Than withstood him.

"You interfere at your peril; stand off," said Dugan.

"Ye hain't a-goin to touch a board 'o this lumber. You'll find this a different job from turning women and children out-doors," said Than.

"Ah! you're that beggar I pitched off my premises; get out of my way, I tell you," said he fiercely, seizing Than, who was taller, but of less weight than Dugan, and attempting to throw him into the river. Than instantly closed in with him, and, becoming master, gave him a severe pounding. Dugan's head was beaten as though it had been under a trip-hammer. But it was all so quickly done that no one could in-

terfere in his behalf ; so, bleeding and stunned, Dugan was borne off by those who had come to take possession of the lumber.

Jim had been hurried off to the mills at Lam-prey River for help to defend the property, but the men came hurrying to the scene of contest, only to find the war, for that day, was over.

It is often said that a mild-tempered man is one to be feared when fully aroused, and such Dugan found Than to be. For he had an old score of his own to settle ; and probably the wrongs to Uncle Zeeb might have added somewhat to the energy of the blows that fell upon the victim's head.

Than was at once a hero with all classes. But Gov. Wentworth, and a few others, when informed of the proceeding, agreed that though Than was the party assailed, he could not be justified in dealing so harshly with his aggressor. Any magistrate when appealed to would feel obliged to grant a process for his arrest and punishment. Then, the fierce and revengeful temper of Dugan, even after the law had spent its force and been vindicated, was to be dreaded.

Under these considerations the question arose,

What could be done for Than? whom nobody blamed, but everybody extolled for what he had done—Gov. Wentworth and his associates with the rest.

These latter gentlemen were determined that some plan should be devised to save him from the vengeance of Dugan, and even such punishment as the law might deem proper.

Theodore Atkinson, a coadjutor of Gov. Wentworth's, was one of the purchasers of the old Captain John Mason claim to the territory of New Hampshire, which, from generation to generation before, had disturbed the peace and the prosperity of the province by persistent litigation on the part of those interested in it. All the territory back of the incorporated towns, the most advanced of which were Kingston, Nottingham, Deerfield, Epsom, Northwood, Barrington and Rochester was open to settlers, and even much in the old towns was in the same condition, and, claimed by the heirs of the original proprietors, was now owned by Mr. Atkinson and his associates.

It was finally concluded to help Than make a home for himself in the interior, quite beyond

the reach and search of Dugan. In order to do this, his departure must be speedy and secret, and his location miles in advance of the frontier settlements.

Epsom had been partially settled a few years already, but the inhabitants were few. The same was the case with Northwood, but between these and the Winnepesockee Lake stretched an unbroken wilderness, "where the foot of man had ne'er or rarely been." If Than should penetrate this territory far enough he would be entirely safe from discovery and the pursuit of Dugan.

When this plan was suggested to him he regarded it with small favor, though he said little to the designers to oppose it. But to his wife he expressed his bitter complaints for being obliged to hide himself in the wilderness.

"I jest wish now I never 'd left the old hut at the Cove," said he.

"It does seem awful hard, Than, but let us remember the hand of the Lord is in all things. Everything that has come tu us yit has proved a blessin' in disguise, ye know, Than, and pr'aps this may."

"How can it be a blessin' to have to live alone in the woods, Debby?"

"Ye know, Than, we was happy when we lived alone at the Cove, and we sha'n't be much more alone in the woods."

"We had the sea then, and could see vessels pass now'n then, but when we're in the woods there's nothing to see nor hear," said Than despondently.

"The Bible says, 'Fear not, for I am with thee.' 'Be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' Now if we have God with us, we needn't fear nothin'."

"Wal, Debby, you've ollers been right in your way of lookin' at things, and p'raps ye are now, but I can't see how it can be this time."

"We couldn't see how it was goin' tu be for the best when they brought us up here, but we were sayin' only t'other day how much better off we are here than in Portsmouth."

"That are is true, sartin."

"The ways of Providence is often dark and mysterious, but we know that all things works together for good tu them that trust in the Lord and are led by Him."

"Wal, there's no other way tu do, so to-night Uncle Zeeb and Jim and I'll start."

"Are ye all goin'?"

"Yis; the Gov'ner and the rest on 'em are goin' to have a horse loaded with lots of things, over to Durham, and Uncle Zeeb's goin', to bring the horse back and help me find a good place tu settle. Jim will stay with me, and Uncle Zeeb will come every week with a hoss-load of provisions."

"I'm glad Jim's goin' with ye."

"I am tu; and Jim's jest crazy tu go. It'll jest suit him tu be in the woods."

CHAPTER VI.

SAFETY IN THE WILDERNESS.

AS the moon rose, full and round, Than, Uncle Zeeb and Jim quietly left the Piscassick and retired to Durham. There, at the appointed place of rendezvous, they found some of their friends, and the horse ready to be loaded up. This was soon done, and definite directions given as to the course they were to pursue.

A road led from Durham to a settlement in the edge of Nottingham. They were to follow this road that night till they came to a logging camp or hut, which they would reach sometime after midnight. Here they would find things prepared for them to spend the rest of the night comfortably, and the means for cooking their breakfast. They would here be beyond danger of discovery, and need not be in a hurry in the morning.

From the logging camp they were to leave the

Nottingham road and take a cart path leading to the right. This cart path extended several miles into the wilderness, and they would find it ran into an old Indian trail which they could follow. It finally led to the Suncook River, and perhaps to Winnepesaukee Lake. Than was told that he need not go so far as the Suncook, but to select his settlement at some distance on the northerly side of the trail, as less likely to be discovered by pioneers and stragglers.

By taking this course Uncle Zeeb would have no difficulty in returning to him whenever it was necessary.

The three were soon on their way, and came, in due time, to the camping place indicated, and spent the night.

It was the latter half of May, just three years after Than had come to Lamprey River from Portsmouth, that he was making this flight from the former place, and owing to the influence of the man that sent him away from Portsmouth.

They halted at noon for dinner and rest, on the side of a swift running brook of clear water, fifteen or twenty miles from where they had encamped the night previous.

While Than and Uncle Zeeb were kindling a fire, Jim had got out his fishing tackle, and, selecting a slender pole from a clump of alders, he was soon seen with a string of the finest trout by his side, which assisted in furnishing a dinner that was truly inviting.

An examination of their locality showed that they were about midway between two heights or mountains, one on either hand. The one on the left is now known as the McCoy, the other the Catamount, and they determined to make their way to the one on the right, leaving any further pursuit of the trail. Going round the side of a pond they came near the foot of the mountain on the easterly side, where they halted, and leaving Jim with the horse to await their return, Than and Uncle Zeeb started for the summit of the mountain, to better survey the territory around and before them. The view was wide, of a silent and unbroken wilderness, save where a wood-embosomed lake or pond glimmered and sparkled in the sunlight. Faintly the sound of a water-fall reached their ears from the Suncook River, not more than two miles distant.

Down among the foothills of the mountain appeared a level space, and to this place they decided to make their way. During their absence Jim had been trying his hand again at fishing, and had taken from the pond near by several large pickerel, some of which still floundered about amid the dry leaves on the shore.

"Them's for supper," said Jim, as he proceeded to partially dress the fish and then string them on a crotched twig, to take them along with him.

On reaching the place sighted from the summit of the mountain, it was found to possess all the qualities and advantages desirable. Upon one side was a brook of clear water. The ground was tolerably level, and the kind of trees—beech, oak and maple mostly, with a few of other kinds—indicated a generous soil, and a spring near the middle of the level space, seemed to mark the spot for a dwelling.

Though at some distance below the summit of the mountain, it still had an extensive and varied outlook and prospect; and here, with Uncle Zeeb's concurrence, Than decided to set up his future home.

It will be unnecessary to follow him in the progress of his labor. It was the work of a short time to provide a temporary place of shelter and deposit for the supplies brought by the horse. Uncle Zeeb remained the following day, and the two, with their axes, made quite an opening in the forest.

It was then arranged that Than should spend the time before Uncle Zeeb's return to him from below, in getting logs of the right size and length for the construction of his log cabin, which could be put up at that time.

Humphrey Dugan was in a rage when he found his victim had escaped him. Every town and settlement in the province, and some of the neighboring provinces, were searched for him, but no one seemed to have any knowledge of his whereabouts.

Than's wife and children were moved back to Lamprey River, and for months Dugan set a watch about the place, to give notice of his return, but no information was gained in this way.

Another man was employed to take Than's place at the mill, and Uncle Zeeb continued to work there. His going away for a day or two,

now and then, excited no remark or suspicion, and Jim's absence was not noticed, as it was supposed that he was up to his old habits of skurrying off somewhere in the province, hunting, fishing, boating or the like.

Than and Jim spent the first year at the settlement alone, as by so doing it was easier to supply the demands of the family, and the children would be better off.

A little more than a year after the disappearance of Than, his family followed him to his new home. Their departure was made in such a quiet manner that not a ripple was caused by it on the surface of affairs. All that Dugan could learn, weeks after they had left, was, that they had gone, no one seemed to know when or whither.

CHAPTER VII.

ARRIVAL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

W^AL, Debby, what du ye think of this for a home?" asked Than, the morning after the arrival of the family, which had been near the dusk of the previous evening.

"Why, it's real pleasant here; I 'spected tu find it in some lonesome, dismal place out of sight of everything."

"'Tis a harnsome place, I think, tu, and now you'n the children's here it'll seem like home. I'd no idee I should ever like it so well."

"But where are Winnie and Caleb?"

"Oh! they're off with Jim, half-way up top of the mountain, I dare say, by this time," said Than.

A faint call "came like a falling star," and, looking up, three forms could be seen against the morning sky, standing on a jutting ledge near the summit of the mountain.

"'F I die, 'f they ain't way up there this min-

ute!" exclaimed the mother. "Why, if they should fall they'd break their necks!"

"They'll look out for that, I warrant ye," said Than. "What a picter Winnie is growing tu be," he continued.

"Yis," said Debby; "she's the wonder and admiration of everybody that sees her, but nobody has any idee she ain't ourn."

"She's jest a little angel, 's what she is," said Than admiringly.

"The schoolmarm said she beats all tu l'arn. She can read now like a parson."

"Du tell! Did Caleb go to school tu?"

"Yis; but he didn't take tu readin' 's Winnie did. He can read some, though. I've been 'fraid 'twould make Winnie vain tu have so much notice taken on her by everybody, but it don't, one mite."

"Wal, she's a mystery. I should like tu know suthin' nuther 'bout her."

"If that time ever comes, she'll cease tu be ourn, I'm afraid," said Debby, musingly.

"Du ye think so?" said Than. "Then I'd ruther know nothin' 'bout her."

Than's log cabin was hardly after the style of

the hut on the beach, at Cold Spring Cove, on the Jersey shore. His ideas of architecture and comfort had advanced somewhat since that was left, as was manifest in his new home. The walls of the cabin were low, but the roof was high. Inside, the logs were hewn smooth; and, having been cut on the sides that came together, these, with the aid of the clay mortar, in which they were laid, made the structure tolerably impervious to wind or rain. The roof was made of layers of hemlock bark laid on good strong rafters, and between the layers of the bark was spread a thin layer of soft meadow hay, which kept out both wind and snow in winter. Wholly across the north end of the cabin was the stone chimney, with its cavernous fireplace, capable of digesting the largest logs that could be fed into it.

The cabin was full twenty feet long by twelve wide, and was all in one room below, with two above, or in the attic. The door opened outwardly on the south end, with a window on the east side, and one in the gable over the door, to give light in the attics.

On the whole, the cabin was a fair specimen

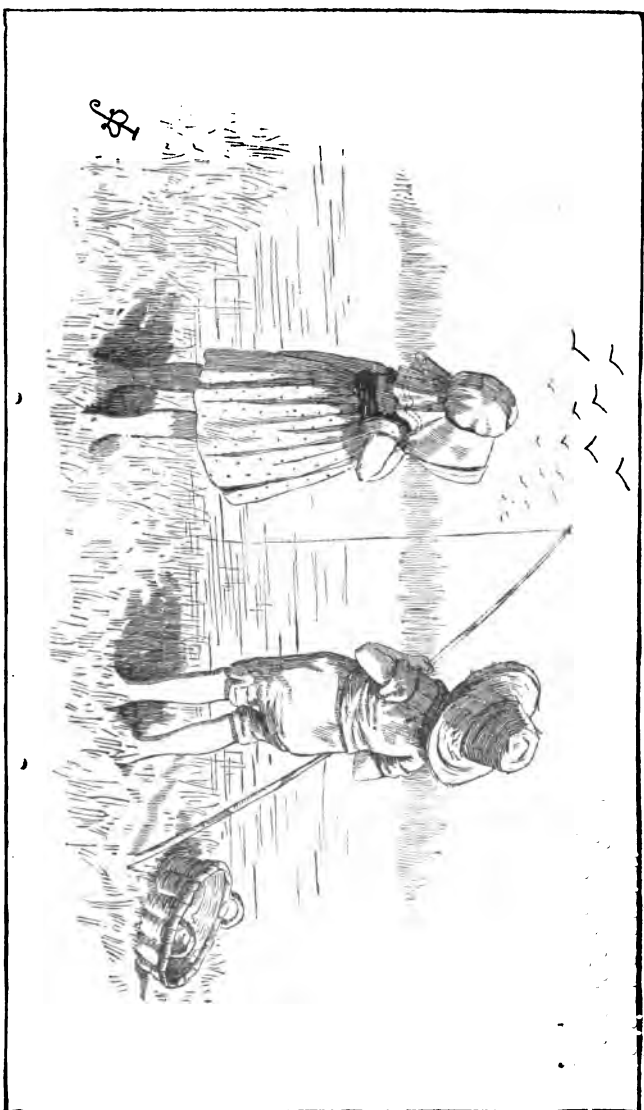
of frontier architecture, and decidedly comfortable.

Than and Jim had managed to make a pretty broad opening in the forest, and were in a fair way soon to have everything necessary to comfort around them. Uncle Zeeb often came for a few days, to lend a hand with the horse, with which he brought provisions, to plow and do other necessary team work, and in this way much had been accomplished.

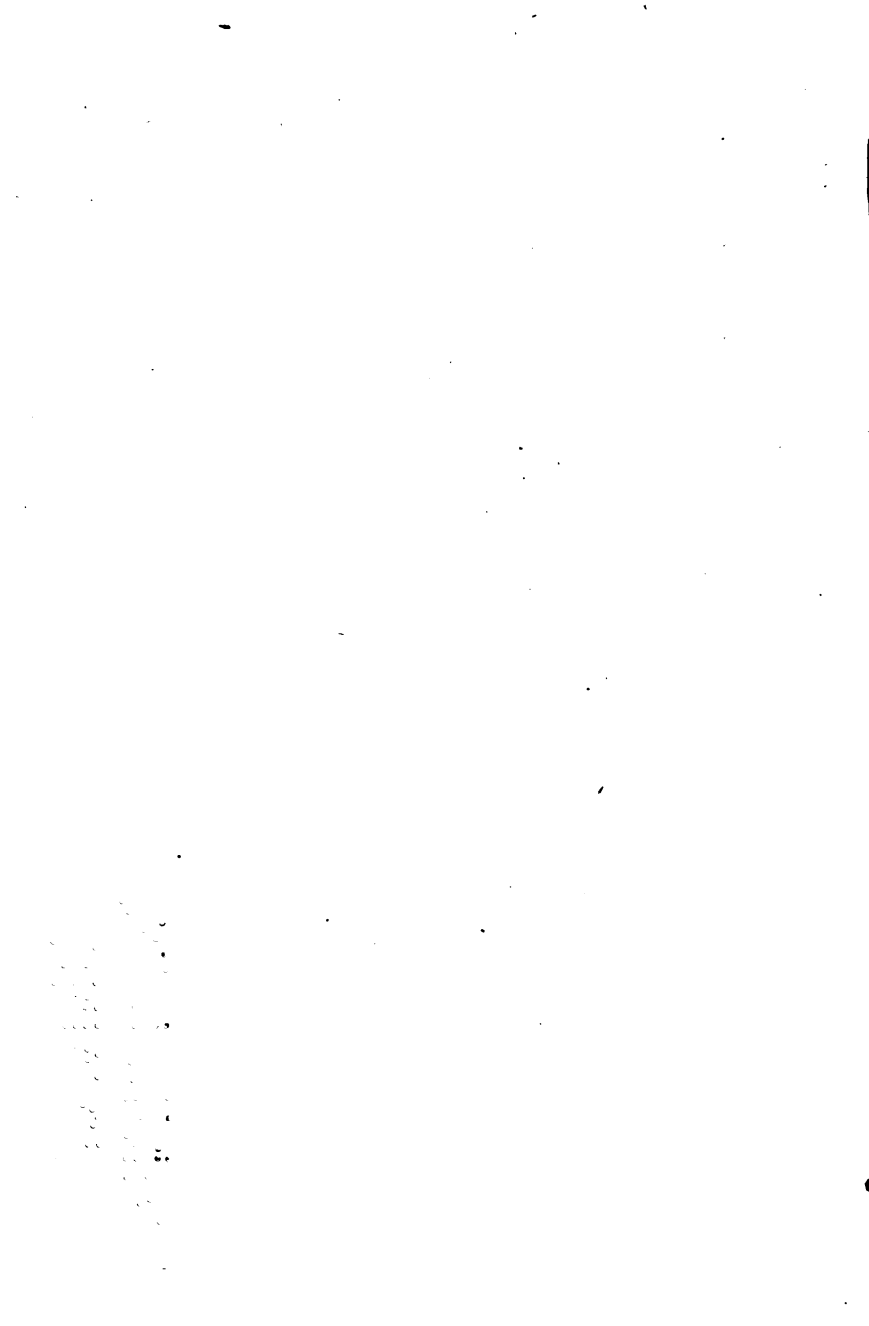
To add to the advantages of the farm and location, at the distance of half a mile below, the brook which ran along a little way from the cabin, after rushing down a rapid descent nearly the whole distance, came to a natural meadow or narrow intervale, without a tree or shrub, covered, in the summer season, with luxuriant grass of good quality for fodder, and in quantity sufficient for quite a stock of cattle and sheep.*

It would be difficult to find two happier bodies than Caleb and Winnie were in their new home.

* To this natural meadow the first settlers of Epsom actually came in summer and cut the grass, and drew it home on sleds in the winter. So I have heard my father say.



CALEB AND WINNIE FISHING.



For several days after their arrival Than encouraged Jim to leave work and go round with them. The top of the mountain was at first a great place of attraction. The brook was the next, and this they followed into the valley below, bringing back large numbers of trout, and other fish caught by Jim.

Running water seemed to possess a charm for Winnie. She would stand, as if spellbound, and gaze upon and watch it for hours at a time, when Jim and Caleb were away on excursions too long to be accompanied by her. She was never lonesome. She seemed to find interest and amusement in everything about her.

The household afforded but one book, the Bible, and, young as she was, she had already learned to find in its narratives and biographies much to interest her, especially the books of Esther and Ruth, and portions of several others. But the Book of Nature as yet had the greatest attraction for her.

Wild birds were numerous, and they seemed scarcely to fear her. Wild flowers were abundant too, and many of them strange to her; almost daily she made collections of all that could be

found, and amused herself in observing the wonderful variety in color, form and fragrance.

The mystery that hung about her parentage caused her to be regarded by those whom she called, and supposed to be, her father and mother, very differently from what they would their own offspring. It was not lack of affection or tenderness, but it was a certain respect and carefulness, which had an influence for good upon the child, that can hardly be described. It was both refining and elevating. Parents, especially at that day, were often guilty of treating their children as objects of commonplace, and of little account, which is decidedly wrong. Of this, these humble people were wholly guiltless, and the result was of importance in its effect upon the life of Winnie.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOY HUNTERS.

THAN had been told that if he would provide shelter and a plenty of fodder, he should be furnished with a cow, and with sheep as soon as his farm was sufficiently enclosed to keep them within bounds, and safe from wild beasts. The place of shelter for the cow was easily prepared, and the fodder readily secured from the meadow, in addition to what was furnished from the stalks of the corn, and the straw from the wheat and rye.

The summer passed quickly and happily with all at the cabin. And we will pass over it and the autumn lightly, for few incidents worthy of attention beside what have already been hinted at, or that cannot be easily imagined, occurred. Quite late in the fall Uncle Zeeb came with the promised cow, and the next time he came with provisions, he had upon the horse a small coop of hens. This was the last trip of the season

from "below," for it could even then be said that from the Northern mountains, distinctly visible from the cabin, winter's

"banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold."

This caused little regret. The wheat and rye had been taken "below" by Uncle Zeeb, and returned as flour; and part of the corn, too, had been reduced to meal, and nothing seemed lacking to be able to withstand winter's severest siege. The wood pile, in a rude building, or shed, near the house, and into which a door from the house opened, showed ample means for beating back the fiercest assaults of wintry winds, however roughly they might howl around the solitary cabin.

Sometimes the time dragged rather heavily with Caleb and Jim, during the long winter evenings. They could get through the day well enough, especially Jim, as a huge pile of logs had been provided just outside the woodhouse, to supplement the stock within, in case the supply should run low, and he found enough to do there to content himself.

Snowshoes were not so great a rarity in those

days as at present, and the trunk of a small ash-tree furnished material for their construction, and this for a time afforded new business for both Than and the boys, day and evening. Caleb seemed to have the greater ingenuity and skill in this work, and his shoes were indeed a sample of good workmanship. These afforded to him and Jim the means of traversing the woods for game, and they seldom returned to the cabin empty-handed.

Caleb was now in his teens, and though, perhaps, as tall as many boys of his age, he was of scarce half the usual weight. At first sight his slight frame and apparently bloodless face, would impress one that he was on the verge of the grave, but the light of his small, but clear gray eye, indicated a bright, sharp spirit within. He was a wonder to his mother, whose care and anxiety for him were always on the alert. She felt that any severe sickness, or even severe cold, might prove fatal to his delicate constitution, and was disposed to check his love of hunting and tramping through the forest with Jim, who never seemed to find fatigue or hardship in anything.

While on their tramps, Jim always insisted on carrying both guns till they were likely to be wanted for use ; and the same with any other burden. And it is doubtful if he would not have borne Caleb too, if allowed to.

CHAPTER IX.

CLOSING WINTER DAYS.

THE winter wore away ; it had been one of unusual severity. The snow was deep ; and before the snow came, the cold days and long nights had thickened the ice on lake and pond.

The number of the latter lying round the mountain was indeed a singular feature in the landscape. Eight or nine could be counted from the summit. All had been visited by Caleb and Jim more than once, and each found to abound in fish.

February, the last and shortest month of winter, set in fierce and blustering. The snow, already four feet deep in the woods, still deepened, and the winds, which had been prevalent and sharp all winter, increased in fierceness, and all the inmates of the lone cottage on the mountain-side were glad to keep within doors. Not a creature stirred abroad. Even the winter birds

that regularly flit from tree to tree, searching for their daily food, kept within their places of retreat—the hollow trunks or thick boughs of the trees.

The evening of the last day of the month, the time when the grasp of winter at the throat of prostrate Nature is usually wont to begin to slacken, now, on the contrary, actually tightened, and as the sun went down in darkness at the west, the winds roared and howled with increased energy.

“The mountain thunders and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.”

Huge logs were piled high in the yawning, cavernous fireplace, which sputtered and crackled as the flames mounted up almost to the chimney top, and sent out sparks that, caught by the winds, went rushing, like will-o'-the-wisps, into the adjoining forest. Within the cottage, the brightness almost of the sunlight and warmth of summer prevailed.

Than and Jim had been busy a part of the evening preparing “spiles” in readiness for sugar-making when warm weather should arrive, and Caleb was putting a few finishing touches upon

a handsled he had been making for coasting when the thaws in daytime, and frosts at night, should bridge the deep snow with a "crust," and many a fine ride he anticipated for himself and Winnie, for whose interest and amusement he was always planning.

Debby was busy with her knitting, but was just preparing to lay it by, for the usual bedtime to all the household had arrived, and Winnie, who had for the hundredth time read the book of Esther, had just closed the well-worn, sacred volume, when a noise was heard that startled them all, causing a profound silence as they listened with bated breath and anxious looks. It sounded as if some one was at the door seeking entrance. In a moment it was repeated more distinctly than before.

"What 'pon airth?" ejaculated Than, scarcely above a whisper, unable to finish the sentence from surprise and alarm.

"Somebody's there," whispered his wife.

"It can't be any human critter," said Than, whose evident alarm was certainly excusable.

The sound was repeated, and the door itself this time responded to the energy of the assault.

"Whose there?" demanded Than, in a loud, husky voice.

There was a muffled, inarticulate response as the assault was repeated.

"It sartin is some man," whispered Debby, pale with affright as the thought of Dugan came into her mind.

Winnie had caught hold of her mother, and Caleb and Jim stood one on each side of Than. After a moment of hesitation, he said,

"The door must be opened, for whoever 'tis will die if I don't."

As the door swung outward, and the fierce wind had piled the snow around it, it was with some difficulty that it could be set ajar even, when an object that might well alarm the stoutest heart under the circumstances, was revealed by the bright glow of the logs in the fireplace.

Though covered with furs, it was not a wild beast, for it had snowshoes upon its feet. With much effort the object came in, but instantly fell to the floor. For a moment every one was dumb with terror. Debby was the first to say,

"It's some poor critter, and we must du some-thin' or he'll die."

Summoning courage, they removed the fur skins that enveloped the head, and, to their terror, saw before them the gaunt, hunger-pinched features of an Indian.

Debby and Winnie drew back, the former pale with affright, but after a moment, said, —

“He can’t ‘a’ come tu hurt us.”

“No; that’s sartin,” replied Than; “he’s ‘bout starved tu death, by ‘s looks. What shall we du?”

“You loosen the things ‘bout him — there, he stirs! — and I’ll give him some warm drink tu bring him tu.”

The teakettle was bubbling and singing on the crane in the corner of the fireplace — for the little cabin was not without its comforts, thanks to the liberal friends of the inmates “below.” Than removed the fur-skin wraps that were about the emaciated form, and Debby soon had a cup of warm drink which her husband held to the lips of the Indian as he raised his head with one hand. The cup was drained with some difficulty, but with evident relish and good effect. The snowshoes were removed from his feet, which were then wrapped in one of the fur skins that had been warmed before the fire.

While this was being done, Debby prepared some light food, which the poor famished creature eagerly devoured.

"Folks say 't won't du tu give starved people tu much at once," she said in a whisper to Than, observing the eager, longing look of the savage.

In a short time, however, more was given him, and he seemed in a measure satisfied. Then, crawling to the side of the fire, and adjusting his fur wraps for a kind of bed, the poor creature was soon in a deep, quiet sleep.

Being now long past the usual bedtime for the inmates, it was with some anxiety that Debby asked :

"What shall we du? Du ye 'spose it 'll be safe to sleep here, with him in the room?"

"Oh! the poor critter can't hurt nobody, and ye know they say an Injun never hurts them that befriends 'um."

"I guess there hain't no danger," said Debby, cheerfully ; and all prepared to retire.

The rooms overhead were not reached by winding stairs, or stairs at all, but each apartment had a short ladder, as the room on the ground floor was low, which, when not in use,

was hung up below the timbers that sustained the attic floor, and a "trap-door" was opened as one wished to go up or come down. In a short time quiet and slumber pervaded the cabin, where terror and dismay had for a time held possession.

For many days and nights the Indian hugged the corner by the fire, not a word having been heard from his lips. If he left it, it was to return almost immediately. At first he was so weak he could with difficulty walk, but his strength returned rapidly with the generous supply of food which was set before him. He had all the characteristic traits and features of his race, with the exception of his height, which was rather below the medium of his people. He had evidently seen of years at least half a century, and possibly many more, though his hair was still black. There were deep lines on his face, and across his forehead, which was more ample than is seen in the face of the average Indian.

It did seem for a time after the advent of spring, nominally, that winter was determined to usurp the entire year; for though the sun mounted higher and higher in the heavens, its beams

seemed to wage a losing warfare with the fierce forces of winter.

The Indian was hardly a desirable inmate, but he could not be turned out of the cabin in such weather, so he stayed on. A chair was offered him, but he preferred to sit upon the floor, using the furs with which he was enveloped, for a seat, or cushion, by day, and as a bed by night. He appeared to understand the sanitary laws to some extent, for, after the first week, almost daily, he took his couch to the door, and, shaking the skins, thus gave them an airing.

At the beginning of the third week after his coming, in the morning, after he had eaten what had been set before him, to break his fast, he said, as he still sat in his accustomed corner, "White brother very good to Catamount."

"Is Catamount your name?" asked Than.

"What white man call 'um."

"Do you live any where 'bout here?" continued Than.

"In his lodge by the Winnepesockee."

"Any more of your folks there?"

The Indian shook his head.

For a moment he was silent, then added :

“Catamount the last of his race. Once, his his people, the Penacooks, a great nation, and the friends of the white man. But the face of the Great Spirit was turned away from the red man, and he love the white man more. Ingun poor, white man rich. Ingun know nothing, white man wise — knows everything. He want much land—Ingun in the way. He go off, but Catamount love the home of his fathers, and stay. He have nothing in his lodge. Winter long; he come to his white brother. He give him much good. He die, but white brother make him live. Catamount love his white brother.”

This was spoken slowly, and after long pauses. When he had finished, Than said : “Ye’re welcome to stay here ; we’ve ’nuff. Warm weather ’ll come byme-by.”

“Then Catamount go away,” said he.

CHAPTER X.

THE INDIAN CATAMOUNT.

NOT long after this, warm weather did come suddenly, and the south wind blew upon the deep snow and it melted away rapidly. The streams broke from their icy fetters, and went laughing and leaping down the hillside and through the plain, "to join the brimming river."

Than and Jim tapped the sugar maples and collected the sap and reduced it to sugar.

Caleb was much interested in the work, and, though cautioned by his anxious mother, went beyond his strength, and, taking a severe cold, was soon in a burning fever, and shortly after became delirious.

Both Than and his wife were greatly alarmed. They had very little medicine, or herbs, in the house; such as they had they gave to the sick boy, but with little or no effect.

At the coming on of the warm weather Catamount had gone away, but not being able fully to

supply his own wants, he soon came back. Caleb had then been sick three days, and had grown continually worse, till it seemed to the anxious watchers that there was little hope of his recovery.

It was at night when Catamount returned to the cabin. He looked at the suffering boy, and manifested great anxiety as to his condition. Seeing an earthen pan or bowl, he snatched it up quickly, and hurried from the cabin.

He was gone some little time, and upon his return it was evident that he had been to a place quite distant. The bowl was filled with water, and what appeared to be twigs of trees, plants, bark and roots.

Drawing coals from the fire he set the bowl upon them, and, as soon as the chill was taken off, providing himself with a smaller vessel taken from the "dressers," he poured a part of the water in the bowl on the coals into it, then returned it to the fire.

Going to the sick boy, who was tossing and moaning and muttering broken, incoherent sentences in his delirium, he began bathing him at his head with the palm of his hand, moistened

with the liquid he had poured out, and so continued until he had bathed him to the very ends of his toes and fingers.

Before he had finished, the patient began to show signs of improvement. During this treatment the Indian kept watch of the bowl ; before the contents came to a boil he removed it from the fire, and when he had finished the bathing, and the decoction was sufficiently cool, he caused the patient to drink it entire.

This was accomplished with some difficulty, however, and when he had finished, he took his old place in the corner by the fire. Than and Debby had been silent observers. Neither of them had scarcely slept for two or three nights, so distressed were they for their sick boy. Shortly after Catamount had retired to his corner, and had evidently fallen asleep, they approached the bed on which Caleb lay, and found him in a profuse perspiration, and sleeping as softly and quietly as an infant.

The mother then lay down beside him, and was soon asleep. Than thought to remain awake a while to watch the condition of the sleeping boy, but he too was soon lost in slumber, and

neither of them awoke till it was broad daylight. Caleb was still sleeping. The bed where he lay was drenched as with a quantity of water, but the moisture had passed off, leaving him in a perfectly natural condition.

On looking round they found that Catamount was gone and the dish in which the draught had been brewed was also missing. Before long the Indian returned with the bowl filled with water. He looked on Caleb, and seeing that he still slept, sat the vessel on the dresser, and seated himself by the side of the bed.

In a few moments the boy awoke, and would have made an effort to arise, had not the Indian gently put him back. Then taking the bowl, which held fully a quart, he gathered the clothes around Caleb, and raising him up, held it to his lips till he had swallowed all of its contents. He then laid him back in the same place from which he had lifted him, and, adding other clothing, to counteract the chill of the water he had drank, insisted upon his remaining in this position until the bed whereon he lay, and all the clothing, had dried.

At noon when the dinner was preparing Caleb

was hungry and asked to get up. Catamount finding everything about him was perfectly dry, simply said, "Pale boy well; may eat."

While in bed Caleb seemed unaware that anything was the matter with him, but on getting up he found himself so weak he could with difficulty stand. Great was the joy of the household at his recovery. Winnie threw her arms around him, hugged and kissed him, and Jim, though less demonstrative, stood and looked at him, while his face glowed with real happiness. At last he said,

"We've got lots of sugar, Caleb!"

"Oh! do give me some," said Caleb; "won't ye, Jim?"

The request was quickly obeyed, and a large bowlful brought, but a small quantity satisfied him, and his mother had the prudence to see that he did not eat hearty food but sparingly at dinner. But in a few days all trace of the fever had disappeared, and the lad, as his mother said, seemed better than ever.

From that time the Indian was regarded as a real benefactor in the household. An intimacy sprang up between him and Caleb; he seemed

pleased to have the Pale Boy abroad with him. They hunted and fished together, and the cabin table was often furnished with the choicest of game and fish.

The method of passing the Sunday at the cabin was usually on this wise: when the breakfast was over, and the few chores done, the family sat by, while Winnie read from the Bible for an hour or more. Her voice was low and sweet as a wild bird's, and she read "with the spirit and the understanding also," such parts as were familiar to her.

At no time did the unvarying stoicism of Catamount for a moment forsake him, save when Winnie was reading from the Bible. This seemed to involve a mystery too great for his habitual indifference. His dark keen eyes would wander from her face to the book, and from the book to her face. Occasionally a sentence would become clearly intelligible to him, and he would seem to muse long upon it.

There is no better proof that our native Indian tribes were susceptible of the poetic sentiment, than is shown from the names they gave to natural objects: Winnepesockee, the smile of

the Great Spirit ; Minnehaha, Laughing Waters ; Mississippi, Father of Waters ; from the names of those, the meanings of which are not so generally known as Memphremagog, Androscoggin, Ammonusuck, Massachusetts, and hosts of others, nearly all having, in some measure, originally doubtless a poetic significance. This same trait manifested itself in Catamount in the name he gave to Winnie, which was Forest Flower. No doubt there was that in her sweet, winning, graceful ways which reminded him of some of the beautiful flowers that spring so abundantly in the forests at this season of the year. The Indian interpretation would doubtless be pleasing if we could know it.

As the spring advanced and the weather grew warm he returned to his lodge by the Winnipewaukee, but he was not long at a time a stranger at the cabin, and not unfrequently at the return of the Bible-reading hour, the shadow of Catamount would darken the door as he entered with noiseless step, and took his seat in his accustomed corner to listen to the voice of Winifred as she read from the words of the Great Spirit.

There were two places, at no great distance

from the cabin, that possessed great attraction for Winnie. One was about thirty or forty rods above the cabin, on a spur of the mountain which jutted out, commanding a beautiful view; the almost unbroken forests, the winding Suncook and the distant mountains. The other was about the same distance below the cabin, by the side of the brook, where the water comes rushing over the descent and leaps from a shelving ledge down two or three feet, into a pebbly basin at the roots of overshadowing trees. This was a retreat worthy of nymphs or naiads. A little distance from the brook, but within the sound of the little waterfall, was a green grassy spot where at early morning the sunlight came in, dispelling the dampness, and encouraging the grass to grow thick and beautiful, while all around was more shady and damp; and there the trailing arbutus and numerous other wild flowers gave out the incense of their fragrance.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER STRANGER AT THE CABIN.

ONE Sunday evening a little before sunset, toward the latter part of May, Winnie left the cabin and climbed to her seat on the jutting ledge, over which a leaning birch cast a partial canopy of leaves. She sat and watched the sun as it sank behind the gorgeous clouds that curtained the west, her pure, sweet soul throbbing with inexpressible admiration at the beauty of the scene before her. Even after the sun had set, and the twilight had begun to steal over the landscape, she sat musing, and in a low, soft voice, scarcely audible, sang, without rhyme or measure :

How beautiful, how beautiful
Is all this great world.
Thy hand, O Lord, has made it all,
And all the stars on high.

How beautiful, how beautiful
Are the clouds in the sky,
The resting places of the angels
As they come down from on high.

How beautiful, how beautiful
The mountains far away
As they prop the bending sky
Upon their sunny peaks.

A slight sound caused her to turn her head, when she was surprised to see Catamount who had not been at the cabin for a week or two, standing near.

"Does Forest Flower see the Great Spirit as she talks with Him?" he asked.

"Yes; all we see is the face of the Great Spirit. He lives in it all," replied Winnie.

"He talks with Forest Flower and shows her his face. Ingun no see Him, nor hear Him. Ingun old, and deaf, and blind. Catamount bring a gift to Forest Flower, made by the hands of Huron maiden."

As he said this he laid in her lap a pair of moccasins of the softest deerskin, exquisitely made and decorated with dyed porcupine quills, after which he departed as suddenly and as silently as he had come.

Catamount was not the only stranger who during that summer found his way to Than's cabin, secret and secluded as he supposed it to be.

It was early in July, and toward the close of a warm, pleasant day. Than and Debby sat in the doorway of the cabin. The work was done, and the supper had just been eaten. Jim, Caleb and Winnie were seated on the grass a little distance from the door, the two latter watching Jim as he was fashioning a figure-four trap to catch a troublesome woodchuck that committed havoc among the growing beans, when all were startled to hear Winnie exclaim in a suppressed voice,

"Who's that?" at the same time pointing to the edge of the woods on the side of the mountain.

"He's comin' here, whoever 'tis," said Than.

"He's got a pack on's back. I s'h'd think 'twas a scarce place for ped'lin," remarked Jim.

All watched the stranger approach in speechless surprise.

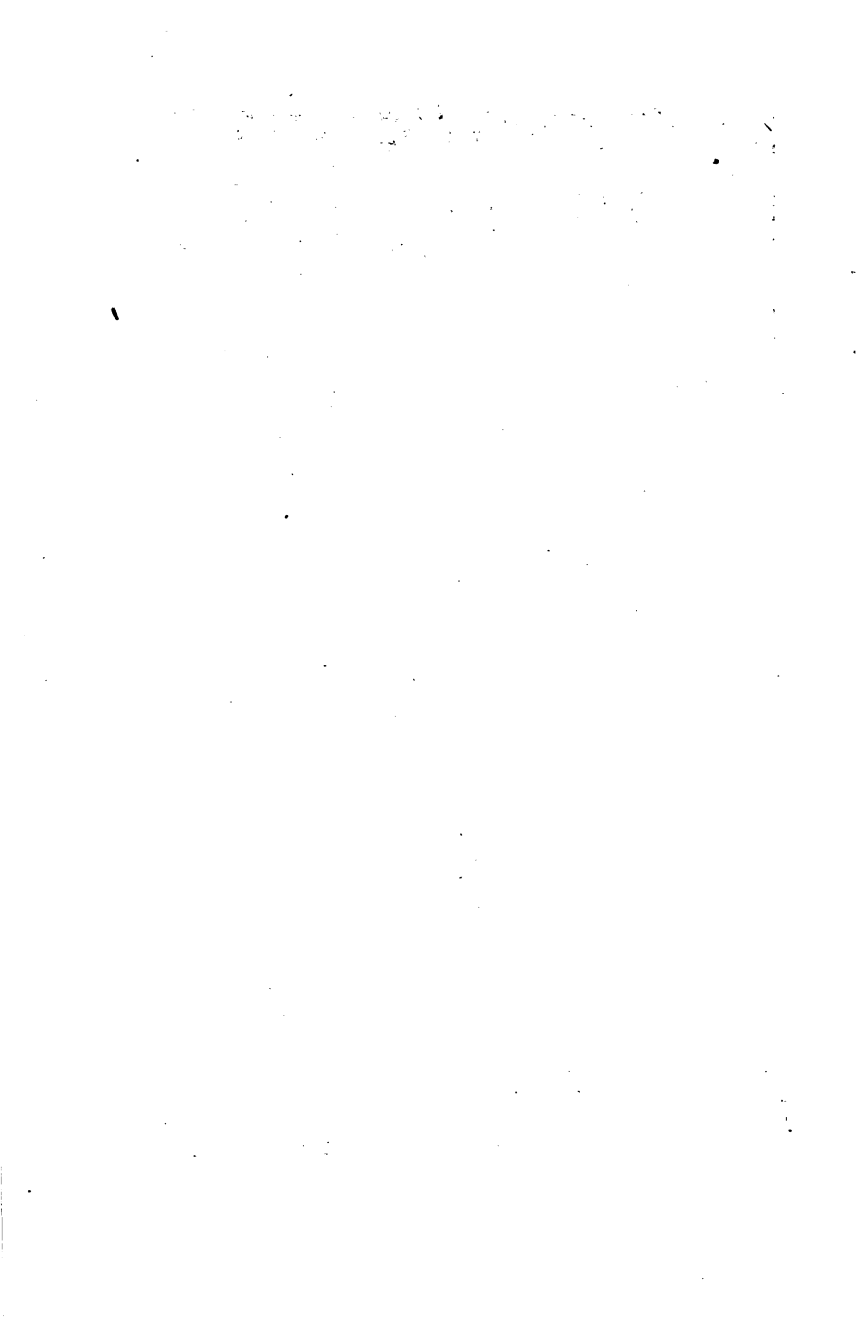
"You cannot be any more surprised to see a stranger here, than I am to find a human dwelling," said the stranger.

"Wal, we don't have many comin' this way," Than replied.

"I will tell you who I am, so you need not



SCHOOLMASTER ORDIORNE AT HOME.



take me for a strolling vagabond. My name is Isaac Ordiorne, schoolmaster of Boston on Massachusetts Bay."

"Ye've come a long piece tu get here, then," said Than.

"Yes. I'm engaged now in the cause of Science, as a disciple of the great Linnæus who wishes a specimen of every flower and plant on the earth."

"He must be a strange, queer sort of a man," Than answered. "Wall," he continued, "if you'll put up with our cabin, walk in and stop to-night, and Debby, my wife, 'll get ye some supper. We has plenty tu eat up here."

"I am heartily thankful," said the schoolmaster, as he entered the cabin and took off what Jim called a pack, and set it in one corner of the room.

The schoolmaster was a small-sized man, gentle and polite in manners, with a mild, pleasant countenance, and a soft, quiet tone of voice, all of which at once disarmed the family of any apprehension that might have arisen had his appearance been otherwise.

Debby was quite awestruck at having so im-

portant a character for a guest, for, at that day, the schoolmaster was second only to the parson in point of dignity and consequence in public estimation. Still she was able to do her best, and soon set before him a very tempting supper, to which she had the gratification to see he did ample justice.

For his accommodation for the night Winnie gave up her room in the attic and slept on a bed prepared in the room below. It was Saturday evening when the schoolmaster came, and at breakfast he asked the privilege of spending "the Lord's day," as he expressed it, at the cabin, which was most willingly granted.

Winnie was so accustomed to her Bible reading on Sunday morning, that as soon as all were prepared she took up, as usual, the pleasant duty without thought of change at the presence of the schoolmaster. Of late the poetry of the Psalms had begun to interest her, and as she had the Sunday previous read as far as the eighteenth, she began there now.

Had she taken thought of herself, she might have been curious to know whether the schoolmaster was interested in what she was reading,

or the manner in which she read it. Had she looked at him she would have found him any thing but a disinterested listener. Not only did his ear catch eagerly every word, but his large expressive eyes were fastened upon the reader like one charmed.

It was a bright, beautiful morning, and as Winnie read, a shadow fell athwart the cabin door, and, with noiseless tread, Catamount entered and took his accustomed place in the corner by the fireplace.

At sight of him the countenance of the schoolmaster suddenly changed, manifesting a feeling of alarm, but when he saw a look of welcome on the faces of the family, and especially on the sweet face of the reader, his alarm subsided as suddenly as it had been aroused. And when he saw the interest with which the savage listened to the voice of the reader, he seemed greatly puzzled.

The reading ended, the schoolmaster sat in silence for some minutes, then asked,

“ Who taught you to read, dear child ? ”

Winnie was abashed and confused, but finally answered — “ Ma’am.”

"I teached her the letters, then she went to school down b'low a spell; but she's teached herself more'n anybody," interposed Debby.

When Catamount had gone, the schoolmaster asked with evident concern, if there were many savages around there.

"No; there hain't any," replied Than. "Catamount's all the one there is of his tribe, and he lives miles from here—nigh the Winnepesockee, somewhere. Caleb's been to his wigwam, but there hain't none of the rest on us."

"Caleb? Is he that sickly pale lad?"

"Yis; but he's' nuff sight tougher ne'r you'd think him."

"Why, I took him for an invalid whose life was doubtful."

"He's allers been a pale, delicate boy," said his mother.

"We come drefful nigh losin' him last spring, and 'f't hadn't been for Catamount he couldn't 'a lived," added Than.

"Catamount! is that the name of the savage?"

"Yis; and there hain't much savage 'bout him nuther," replied Than.

"So I judge from his manner; but we're ac-

customed to call all of his race savages when we know that under the preaching and labors of the great and good Eliot many of them embraced Christianity. Is this Catamount one of the Penacook tribe, do you know?"

"Yis; that's what he said the name of his tribe was; I never heerd on't afore."

"They were a powerful tribe once, and dwelt on the Merrimack, and planted the rich intervale with their corn and beans. Their ancient enemies were the Mohawks, a fierce and warlike tribe in the centre of the province of New York. The Penacooks were attacked by them, and though they succeeded in beating them off, after most of the braves had fallen on both sides, the Penacooks never recovered from the blow, nor did the Mohawks ever become as powerful as they had been. Passaconaway was the chief of the Penacooks when the English first came. He became a convert under the preaching of Eliot, and when he died he advised his people to always be the friends of the English. They remained so for many years, and King Philip, with all his art, was unable to induce them to join him and the rest of the New England tribes,

in an effort to crush the English. But a fatality seemed to doom all the tribes of New England, and events over which human foresight could have no control, finally provoked the Penacooks to hostility, and they, too, have been driven from their native seats and hunting grounds."

"It's tu bad, 'f they was all like Catamount," said Than.

"It's the nature of the Indian to be blood-thirsty and cruel when he thinks himself injured. The Christian spirit is little cherished by most of them."

"Catamount would 'a' died if 'ta'd'nt 'a' been for us. One of the coldest nights the last o' Feb'ry, he came tu us eenamost starved tu death."

"Then he repaid your generosity by saving your boy?"

"Yis," meekly replied Debby. "It was a merciful Providence that sent him tu us."

"The merciful shall obtain mercy," said the schoolmaster, "and in blessing others we often most bless ourselves."

Some years after, both the schoolmaster and the occupants of the cabin, it may be, felt the

force of this remark more directly than when spoken.

The next morning it was arranged that for a time the schoolmaster was to have his headquarters at the cabin, while he searched out the flora of the surrounding country, even to the Winnepesockee.

The family regarded him as a being superior to themselves, so wonderful his learning and wisdom appeared to them.

To Winnie he proved a great blessing. His interest in her was unbounded. He instructed her in the science of botany, and thus opened to her appreciative mind a new world of wonder, and beauty, and interest.

Botany, on the Linnæan system, was comparatively a new science, and it had at once aroused an intense interest in scientific minds the world over. By this simple system of classification, it became easy to reduce the entire flora of the globe to the grasp and comprehension of an ordinary student. This science found nowhere a more devoted and enthusiastic disciple and explorer than Schoolmaster Ordiorne. Alone, with a supply of a few necessities, as salt, and a

few other things, and a light fowling piece to aid in procuring game, he had plunged into the wilderness, not anticipating finding the dwelling of man for weeks, when he came suddenly upon Than's cabin.

One day while prosecuting his researches on the head waters of the Suncook, he found himself face to face with Catamount. He was a little startled at first and hardly knew how to accost the silent, stoical red man. Catamount was the first to speak, however.

"Great Medicine Man very wise," was his salutation.

"The Great Father in Heaven gives all his children the means of wisdom. The red man has one kind, and the white man another."

Catamount remained silent some moments, then said,—

"Great Spirit love white man most."

"God is no respecter of persons," replied the schoolmaster ; but those words conveyed little meaning to the mind of the Indian.

Just then a light step was heard approaching, and presently the slight form and pale face of Caleb appeared from the thicket. The unerring

arrow of Catamount had brought down a part-ridge while on the wing, and he had brought it, with the arrow still piercing the bird.

"There," said the schoolmaster, "that is the wisdom of the red man. No white man could have brought down that bird with an arrow."

"Ingun never make white man's gun," said Catamount.

"True," said the schoolmaster, "the white man's art is superior."

"Will Great Medicine Man come to Ingun's lodge?" said Catamount. But the schoolmaster hesitated.

"Come," urged Caleb, "and ye'll see the strangest place ye ever seen. We've got rabbits and fish there, and plenty for dinner."

The Great Medicine Man finally consented, and Catamount led the way.

They followed up the head stream of the Suncook where it issues from the most singular gorge in the Gunstock range of mountains, the most noted height which is to-day known as Mt. Belknap; here, shut in by precipitous mountain walls on three sides, the two lateral ones approaching within a short distance of each other

to the eastward, where is the gate or entrance. Proceeding up a gentle ascent for a quarter of a mile or so, the traveller comes to a comparatively level open space covering several acres, which appears entirely shut in by precipices that only a bird can fly over or some nimble wild animal could scale.

In the middle of this singular space, from beneath an immense rock, bubbles up, clear and beautiful, the very head spring of the Suncook, and, at a little distance, in the shadow of a clump of firs, stood the wigwam of Catamount. The location was admirably chosen for secrecy, safety and protection from the fierce blasts of winter.

The schoolmaster was no stranger to forest cooking. A fire was soon under way, and when a bed of glowing hot coals had been produced, the game and fish, previously prepared, were laid upon it, and a dinner, by no means unpalatable, was served. After dinner, as the schoolmaster was anxious to gain a view of the Winnepesaukee Lake, Catamount led the way toward one side of the precipitous enclosure which, to all appearance, was a bare perpendicular wall of solid rock with beetling cliffs above, from which, loosened by the

frosts and rains, huge masses of rocks had, in times past, fallen. When near the wall, the Indian turned, keeping along in an open space by it, to where it formed an angle with the side to the west, and here were found steps formed by nature ; not very regular, or easy of ascent, but still affording the means, without great effort, of ascent to the summit.

From there to the top of Mt. Belknap the way is comparatively easy. There the view presented was sufficient to draw from the schoolmaster an exclamation of surprise and admiration.

"Oh ! what beauty, what mystery, what wonder," said he, running his eye over the island-dotted lake, the sky-piercing peaks of the White Mountains beyond, and the wide and varied prospect on every side.

It is indeed a wonderful sight to stand on that lofty summit and look northward where nothing seems visible but mountain peaks in the most promiscuous confusion. It is as though the materials of which they are composed were liquid like the sea, and when thrown into the wildest and most fearful commotion, had been

instantly congealed into flint and granite, never more to subside.

The Winnepesockee laves the very base of Mt. Belknap, and many of its fairy isles seem to be almost within a pebble's throw of the beholder. Red Mountain, and the Sandwich, and Wolfborough mountains crowd around the wonderful lake as if to watch over and protect it. One flinty spire, the grand Chocorua, rises in solitary grandeur, as seen from Belknap, on the outer verge of the huddled family of mountain peaks.

The schoolmaster stood and gazed long upon the scene before him, unmindful of the long distance that stretched between him and the cabin, until reminded by Caleb, who offered to be his guide by the shortest trail home. They left Catamount on the summit, and as they passed through the gate of the gorge, and turned to look backward, they saw him still standing as they had left him.

With untiring interest and assiduity the schoolmaster roamed and searched through the wilderness around the Winnepesockee, usually returning at night to the cabin, but occasionally remaining away for two or three days.

His interest was not confined altogether to plants ; birds, insects, and other objects of animated nature shared his attention and study. In these he also interested Winnie, who had always manifested a love for the birds, but was inclined to shun as offensive, beetles, bugs, spiders and insects as devoid of interest, if not dangerous. But he soon showed to her that nothing that is the handiwork of the Creator, is lacking in interest, but, on the contrary, is a means of improvement, when rightly examined and studied.

The revelations disclosed by the use of a common magnifying-glass, such as the schoolmaster had always ready at hand, were marvellous to her. Nor were the instructions of the schoolmaster confined to the natural sciences. He taught her the proper use of language, and gave her lessons in grammar, geography and writing. With this help, she made great advancement, and when, at the approach of autumn, he left the cabin, he pronounced her proficient in all.

CHAPTER XII.

THE AFFAIRS OF THE PROVINCE.

IT will become necessary soon to leave the thread of our story for a short time, to refer to the public affairs of the province of New Hampshire, in order to explain some matters with which the principal characters of our story, humble though they may be, are connected, and we may as well do so now as at any time later.

Gov. Wentworth was a progressive, public-spirited man, in everything except his attachment to royalty, which finally wrought his disgrace and ruin in the eyes of his countrymen. But that was years later, and has no connection with our narrative.

When he came to the Gubernatorial Chair, which was quite a surprise to him, he was a young gentleman of superior ability, fine personal appearance and pleasing address, and succeeded a gouty, fussy and pretentious old uncle

who had outlived his usefulness. He had been a man of ability, and had done many things pleasing to royalty in his earlier years, which explains why he was so long continued in office.

The young Governor found that some things needed reforming. That some families had been long honored with public favors to the exclusion of others more worthy. With great firmness, and yet with discretion and judgment, he quietly reformed abuses so far as lay in his power. And where the action of the Legislature was needed, he but suggested and recommended what seemed judicious changes.

Some things that were well enough in the early days of the province, were outgrown and needed remodeling. The Judiciary was one of these.

Any change in the system had to be brought about by the legislative authority, but, when that was done, those that were to fill the new offices were to be appointed by the Governor. He was aware that many of the justices under the old system had shown themselves men of judicial capacity, and for this, and their experience, these were re-appointed, while others less worthy were

left off. One of these, by the name of Livius, to repay the Governor for his action, went to England and presented a petition to the king, for the removal of Gov. Wentworth from office, filing, with his petition, a long list of charges against him; the most of them being for partiality and unjust discrimination in the management of affairs in the province.

No man does everything just right, and Gov. Wentworth may not have been an exception to the rule. There were, doubtless, some few instances in which he may have been amenable to the modern charge of nepotism, and special regard to family interests. However that may be, his adversary had the skill and adroitness to give the Governor much uneasiness, to say the least, and at the prior examination of the case before the Lords of Trade and Navigation, succeeded in getting a report adverse to him. It was then taken before the King in council, but a hearing upon it was delayed for other and more pressing business, for a time, to the great annoyance of the Governor and his friends.

When the case was heard upon its merits, the Governor was fully exculpated from every

charge, and even complimented for the efficiency and loyalty of his administration.

Great was the rejoicing throughout the province at the result of the investigation, and when the Legislature met at Portsmouth, they at once sent a congratulatory message to the Governor, on the just and happy issue of the charges against him.

Immediately after, the town of Portsmouth made a great reception for the Governor, and gave a ball at which all the notable people of the province were present.

The Governor then invited the members of both branches of the Legislature, and many of the leading men of the province, to visit him at his noble estate in Wolfeborough, on the Winnepesockee, the following summer.

By this time Portsmouth had become an important commercial town, and was well known in mercantile circles in all the countries of Europe, on account of its extensive trade in lumber and ship timber.

This notoriety, as was natural, brought together all classes of people. Many trades and manufactures were represented, notwithstanding the re-

pressive policy adopted by the mother country, for the purpose of favoring the trades and manufactures of England.

One of the great crimes of that period was highway robbery.

Possibly men carried more money on their persons at that day of few, if any banks in which to deposit it, and every man of known wealth was a temptation to the desperate characters of that time, and highway robbery, though made a crime punishable with death, was no very uncommon thing around all large towns where men of wealth resided, and Portsmouth was one of these.

Here, too, were perpetrated some of the boldest and most successful robberies known in the calendar of crime. Men were met, and compelled to save their lives by giving up their purses and gold watches almost at their own doors, and the culprit would calmly walk off with his booty, and, by some mysterious means, disappear and escape the hue and cry that would be immediately raised for his apprehension.

Many were the suspicions that Humphrey Dugan had a hand in the mischief. The system

of professional detectives had not then been developed. Whoever the villain was, or whether there were more than one, or whether Dugan had any connection with it, could not, for a long time, be ascertained.

About this time a young man, between twenty-five and thirty years of age, by the name of Harry Deerfoot, of intelligence and pleasing address and who was engaged in some of the trades in Portsmouth, seemed to have heard something concerning the somewhat mysterious disappearance of Mr. Longridge, and made many inquiries as to the particulars of his death and the amount of property left by him. Finally, some one told him that Dugan, who had come into possession of Mr. Longridge's property, could tell him more about it than anybody else, but, for a time, he seemed disinclined to make his acquaintance, and no more was thought of the matter.

Young Deerfoot appeared to be an active, enterprising young man, with business occasionally in Boston, and other parts of the country, where he was often met by people who knew him. Being of agreeable address and of a social turn, he easily made friends and acquaintances

with all with whom he came in contact. Even with countrymen and farmers, and with their families, he could make himself interesting and companionable.

Had newspaper correspondents been in vogue at that time, Harry Deerfoot would have made a successful one. For he seemed peculiarly adapted to it, according to the account given of him in the chronicles of his day. He had the faculty of knowing everybody, and, apparently, the personal history of everybody he met.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE CABIN.

TO go back now, to the family in the lone cottage by the mountain side. We have allowed several years to pass, and upon our return we find that great changes have taken place; not only around the cabin, but within. Instead of a narrow opening in the forest, there are broad fields and enclosures,—cattle, sheep, and the usual surroundings of a farmhouse.

Jim has become the stout, able-bodied farm-hand; but Caleb is still a slight, spare young man, little capable of manual labor, but an adept in all that pertains to forest life; as tireless as an antelope, and as keen-eyed and true of aim as Catamount himself, who never throws away a shot, or loses an arrow. Caleb leaves the use of the bow to the Indian in their hunts. The flint-lock that his father brought with him into the forest was somewhat clumsy and heavy, as

were all the guns of that day, but it was sure of fire, and true to the aim.

Time had wrought no greater change upon any of the dwellers in the cabin than upon Winnie. As a bud of promise in girlhood, she was beautiful, but the opening flower of maidenhood was a realization of more than the promise. In stature she was of medium height, but grace and beauty combined alike, in form and feature.

For three successive summers, the schoolmaster had spent a portion of his time at the cabin. His interest in Winnie knew no bounds, and his efforts for her instruction and improvement in every accomplishment known to himself, were unceasing. Nor was his intimacy in the family without its softening and elevating effect upon the entire household.

Than and Debby were among the happiest of mortals. One sorrow, that of the death of Uncle Zeeb, had visited them. It may be said that he died of a broken heart; for the loss of his darling Lute, who had been, while she was with him, the comfort and the sunshine of his life. The love of a father for a loving daughter, no one else can appreciate.

Uncle Zeeb often said that if he could only know that Lute was at rest, he should die happy; but in his uncertainty of her fate, imagination would be busy with images of horror, degradation and wretchedness worse than death, and in this condition he died, with expressions of sorrow for his lost darling upon his lips.

Humphrey Dugan meanwhile seemed to enjoy worldly prosperity. Knowing that he lived in the midst of a public who looked upon him with contempt, he steeled himself against it, and maintained a bold independence, his companions being those who were dependent upon him, and an occasional visitor now and then, unknown to the townspeople.

To this, however, there was one exception. Harry Deerfoot disregarded public opinion, and treated Dugan with an open, generous frankness, that was not without its effect upon one so shunned, and often treated with open scorn and contempt. He invited the young man to his house, offered him every hospitality, and thus met with an agreeable comrade.

It was a relief to Dugan to find some one with whom he could hold companionship, and although

his guest was several years his junior, he treated him as an equal, and confided to him many of the events of his past life; among others his encounter with Than at Piscassick, and the efforts he had made to search out his whereabouts, all of which had thus far proved unsuccessful.

The curiosity of young Deerfoot was excited by Dugan's story. He at once began making inquiries about Clifford. Dugan had told him all he knew about him: that the report was, that he had been brought to Portsmouth first from some place on the Jersey coast, a miserable beggar; that the meddlesome Gov. Wentworth, and others like him, had taken pity on him, and got him off to some place as yet out of his reach.

Dugan was getting on in years. He had arrived at that period when men are apt to be garrulous, especially with those younger than themselves, and the caution, taciturnity and prudence of his earlier years were, in a measure, laid aside.

But, to return to the mountain cabin, from which we have wandered in our reflections on the death of Uncle Zeeb.

More needs to be said in relation to the attachment of Catamount for the entire family. The

good fellowship that existed between him and Caleb we have already spoken of, as well as the affection he manifested for the boy, whom he called by a name which, in the Indian tongue, meant sprite or ghost, because of his pale face, and his slight, agile frame.

They were not always together, however, nor was Caleb constantly abroad in the forest. Sometimes days would pass, especially in mid-summer, without a call from Catamount.

They had a signal, which could be heard at a great distance. It was a hoot like the owl; but Caleb could detect Catamount's call even though a dozen owls were hoot-tooting at the same moment. By the signal he would know if he was wanted then or at some other time, also the place of meeting.

On a still, quiet summer's eve, although the sound was heard by no one else, Caleb would hurry to the sounding rock—a precipitous ledge in the forest, against which the distant sound seemed to gather or impinge, and from which he could return the answering signal. From the farther side of the Suncook, nearly two miles away, the call of Catamount could be heard, and

from where he stood, Caleb's answering signal was as distinct.

The Indian's admiration for Forest Flower, as he continued to call Winnie, increased as she grew in years and loveliness. The Bible had continued to be her only classic, but the school-master had taught her to discover the majesty and beauty of the poetry of the Psalms, the deep pathos and sublime passages in the book of Job, and the grand utterances of the old prophets. He had likewise helped to improve her art of reading, which was pleasing from the first, and often now, as, in one of her favorite haunts, either upon the lofty perch on the mountain side, or by the margin of the brook, whose murmur made a fitting accompaniment to her voice, she read aloud from the sacred page, upon looking up she would discover Catamount, motionless as a statue, listening to her reading.

Usually, when the book closed, he would slip away as quietly as he had come, but of late he had often expressed himself in this manner:

"Words of Great Spirit good. Ingun hear 'um in his heart. The voice of Forest Flower carry 'um there."

In which instance was verified, "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light."

The heart of Catamount, which, at first, he had said was all dark, began to receive the light of truth.

Though his step was elastic, and noiseless as the tread of the animal whose name he bore, there were traces on his countenance, when in repose, that spoke of age. His frame was thin and meagre, enabling him to move about with ease and even agility, but it was not the ease and agility of youth; the impress of time was upon him, though without any marked distinctness. His was a nature, or composition, which held all its powers and faculties, as it were, in unison: not one of which seemed to fail before another.

Catamount's treatment of Caleb during his alarming illness had wrought a permanent cure. Since the hour of his recovery he had not known sickness in any form, and his power of endurance had become truly wonderful. Fleet as a deer, agile as a panther, the boy seemed now like one formed and constituted for the chase and forest life.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GOVERNOR'S PARTY.

THE gathering of the élite of the province, at the home of Gov. Wentworth, on the shore of the Winnepesockee, had been appointed to take place on the first of July. Great preparations were made, both by the guests and the host. The Governor enjoyed the society of young people, and his invitation included not only the members of the Legislature, and other gentlemen with whom he was on terms of intimacy, and their wives, but the young ladies and young gentlemen as well.

The usual route, at that day, was by the way of Dover, Rochester, and thus to the northerly side of the lake. But a dozen or so of young men — invited guests — determined upon an independent way of travel by land from Durham, at which place they rendezvoused for a start.

Those from Portsmouth, Newington and Greenland came to Durham by boats. Here

they provided themselves with rations for a two or three days' tramp through the wilderness to what is now Alton Bay, where a boat was furnished to take them up the lake to Wolfeborough.

They were disposed to make the journey an easy one, providing themselves with fish and game on their way, to help out the supplies.

It was toward noon, of the second day of their start, that they came to the open meadow below the cabin — not far from where the brook issues from the forest as it rushes from the heights above. Here they made a halt : and while some of their number started a fire, others went fishing along the stream, while others still dressed the game already secured — the fish, the game, and the contents of their knapsacks furnishing an abundant and tempting dinner.

The repast over, and being in no hurry to resume their journey, they threw themselves upon the thick grass under the shade of the trees, or sat together in knots of two or three, recounting their adventures and speculating on the future.

Among those who were resting in the shade by the side of the brook, was a young gentleman of somewhat distinguished appearance, and one,

too, who seemed a general favorite among his companions.

Growing restive and uneasy, one of them said:

"What is the matter with you, Wentworth Hunking, that you can't keep still?"

"It seems to me there is a wonderful charm in the murmur of this brook," replied the young man.

"There's only the gurgling and splashing like all brooks. What of that?"

"Perhaps that's all, but it won't let me sleep, or rest, so I sha'n't try any longer. I thought I was a trifle weary before dinner, but now I am fresh as morning."

"Well, I feel nappish, so be quiet."

"You don't feel like prefixing an *s* to it, do you?"

"What! and make it snappish? I may, if you disturb my nap much longer."

"Well, go to sleep, old fellow, and I'll court the companionship of this beautiful brook awhile."

Saying which, Wentworth Hunking sprang lightly to his feet, and a moment later disappeared in the forest. He walked on, following

up the current of the brook, like one rapt in thought, pausing now and then to watch the dancing water that seemed to him like a thing of real life, as it whirled, and gurgled, and shouted, leaping from declivity to declivity on its way to the meadow. Up, and up, and up he went, wondering from whence could come so full a stream from such an elevation.

At length he gained a little plateau, and thinking he had wandered far enough, was about to turn back, when, from a little thicket a short distance above, came the sound of a low, soft voice.

At first he could distinguish no word, only an indistinct humming, as of one lost in revery. This ceased, after which the voice floated out to him in a clear, sweet song :

What's the mystery we call life ?
From whence comes it, whither goes ?
Every hour with blessings rife,
From beginning to the close.

Sweet is the life with goodness crowned.
Happy is the heart that loves,
Joy compasses the earth around,
If it's mated as the dove's.

All my life is sweetly flowing ;
Strangely comes the thought to me —
Am I thus through life a-going,
Careless, mateless, ever free ?

Somewhere, somewhere, now there may be
One true heart, as mine that sighs —
All unresting, seeking for me,
Shall I ever meet his eyes ?

“God is love.” How sweet the thought is,
Love fulfils the law of life,
Thus from Him the Spirit caught is,
That the heart with love makes rife.

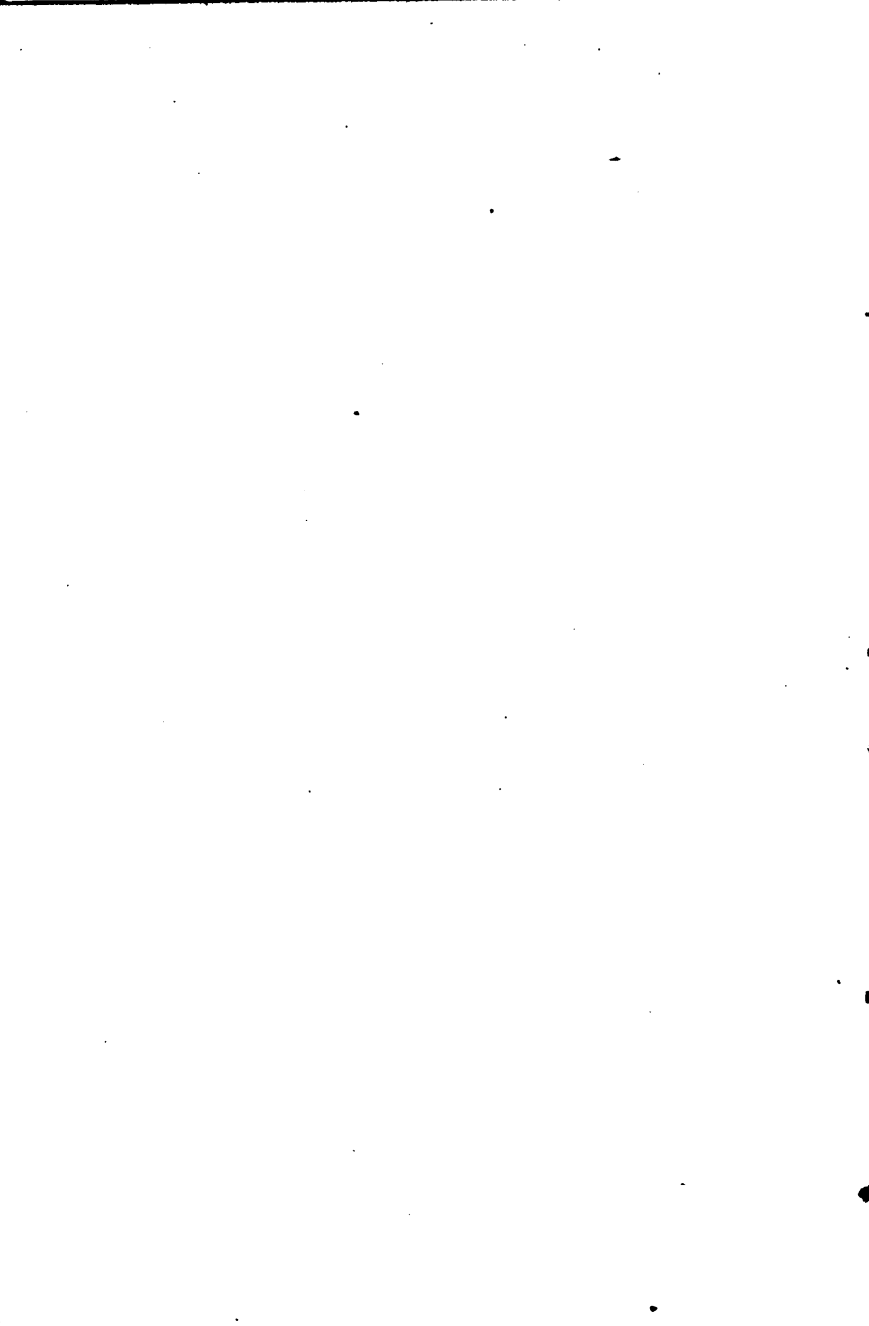
Before “the strain gave o’er,” the young man had regained his composure, and, going to the thicket from whence the song proceeded, he cautiously drew aside the thick boughs of a young hemlock, and there, before him, was presented a vision fairer than any his imagination had ever pictured.

He stood fully disclosed, near the singer, before her eye caught sight of him as she had ceased singing.

She had so often found Catamount a silent and unlooked-for attendant upon her solitude, that she was not startled at the presence of a



WINNIE BY THE BROOK.



stranger, neither was Wentworth Hunking one to inspire alarm even in the timid.

At sight of him, however, the color deepened on her sweet face.

"I pray you, pardon me for this seeming intrusion. I could not choose but come. The sound of your voice was irresistible."

"I little thought I had other audience than the birds and the trees," said the singer, as the startled look left her face.

"I wish I might hope your heart is in sympathy with the words of your song."

"If you are as noble as you look to be, perhaps I might be willing to make the confession. I am certainly disposed to pardon what you call an intrusion."

"I thank you, and bless the charm which this brook seemed to possess in drawing me to your retreat. While my companions are resting in the valley below, I have strayed hither. But is it possible that your home is in this wilderness?"

"Our dwelling is but a little way above here. Will you come with me there? You will be a welcome guest."

"It is very hard to decline, but I must not

stay now. My comrades are impatiently signaling my return, and I ought not to detain them. We are on our way to Gov. Wentworth's at Wolfborough ; he is my uncle. I shall return at the earliest moment, and shall hope to meet you here again, if that meeting will give you the pleasure it will me."

"I am sure it will," said Winnie (for the reader knows it was she), with a maidenly blush as her eyes met the earnest gaze of the stranger.

He then seized her hand, and, pressing it passionately to his lips, bade her "Good-by!" and rejoined his companions, who little suspected the cause of his absence, and the journey was at once resumed.

CHAPTER XV.

ALMOST A CALAMITY.

GREAT was the enjoyment of the Governor and his guests. Amusement was furnished for all, and those advanced in years found themselves participating with real zest, in the pleasures of their early youth.

The merry-making lasted several days. There were among the company those who had not taken part in the pleasure of the hunt for many years, that now entered into the sport with the abandon of youth. Guns and fowling pieces of every kind were brought into requisition, and parties of two and three, started off in search of the game the woods about the Governor's residence were known to contain, while others scoured the country around for its ponds and streams famous then as now for the speckled trout and the perch.

Let us follow one of these—two members of the Legislature, and a leading citizen of Ports-

mouth: Messrs. Weare of Hampton Falls, Marston of Hampton, and Williams of Portsmouth. They went by boat, into the vicinity of Red Mountain. Not much game was expected; they went "for the sport of the thing," and agreed to fire at almost anything they saw moving. At separating, they thought best to keep within calling distance, lest they lose their way in the wilderness, though, with the bald summits of the Sandwich Mountains on one hand, and of Red Mountain on the other, there was little danger of that.

They had gone about half a mile or more from the shore of the lake when Mr. Williams, who had pushed on in advance of the others, seeing some object moving before him, pulled up and fired, then hurried forward to secure his game, to find that he had wounded a young cub which began crying piteously. In a moment, to his horror, the old mother bear came rushing toward him from a thicket near by. Being tolerably nimble of foot, he ran, pursued by the angry brute. His purpose was, to spring into a tree and get beyond her reach, but she was too spry for him, and, in his attempt to elude her, his

foot caught in a bush and he fell heavily to the ground.

The enraged beast seemed now to have her victim in her power, when a shot was fired from a thicket near by. The comrades of Mr. Williams were still at a distance, but as he had called for help, they were hastening toward him to learn the cause of his alarm.

The shot took effect upon the bear, but at no vital part, and though for a moment she was diverted from her victim, the next instant she was about to seize upon him again, when, quick as a flash, a slight figure sprang upon her, and dealt her a heavy blow with the breech of his gun, shattering it to splinters.

Leaving Mr. Williams, the bear gave chase to her new assailant, who, with the agility of a cat, and the fleetness of the deer, easily eluded her, and while provoking her to pursue him, drew her away from her first victim. For several minutes he amused himself by doubling about and keeping just beyond the reach of his enraged and ferocious pursuer, till, weakened from the effects of the wounds she had received, and the effort to reach her provoking enemy, the bear

stopped. Then stepping to one side, the young man called out,—

“Now, Catamount, finish ‘er,” and another shot was instantly fired, when the bear rolled lifeless to the ground.

His two companions had now arrived, and, with Mr. Williams, who, though stunned, and for the moment terror-stricken, had risen, witnessed the performance. At first he was greatly in doubt if his deliverer were flesh and blood, so fleet, so self-possessed and undaunted did he seem to be. Paying no heed to the dead beast he caught the young man in his arms lest he elude him likewise and prove a phantom.

“Who on earth are you?” he asked, “and did you come from the clouds or spring out of the earth?”

“Narry one, nor t’other,” was the reply. “Catamount ‘n I was jest tryin’ tu git sight ‘o the old bear when you shot the cub.”

“Catamount! Who or what is Catamount? Where is he?”

“There,” nodding toward where the Indian stood.

“What! an Indian, eh? I didn’t know there

were any in these parts." And so said both of his companions.

"Here is your gun," said Mr. Weare; "you dropped it near the cub."

"Ah! yes; I found I had got to take to my heels the best I could. Here, young man, it is yours, and here is a piece of money to get your own repaired beside." And Mr. Williams put into the hands of his deliverer a gold coin of the value of two such guns as was his when new.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "if you give me this here harnsome gun, it'll pay for the old 'un twice — yis, ten times over! It's the harnsomest piece I ever seen."

"Well, young man, you have richly earned it, and a hundred times more. You can use the money to buy powder, balls and shot, and when that's gone, come to me at Portsmouth and you shall have as much more. You will find my name in silver letters on the gun."

The young man examined the fowling piece carefully, and after a moment read, "Israel Williams."

"Why," said he, "my dad knows him; I've heern him speak on 'im a good many times."

"Where does your father live?"

"'Tother side the Suncook."

"And what is his name?"

"Than Clifford."

"Than Clifford," repeated Mr. Williams.
"The name sounds familiar, but I don't recall it."

Caleb (for it was none other than he) was too much interested in examining his prize to heed the remarks of Mr. Williams, and presently he and Catamount took leave of the party.

"So narrow an escape and so wonderful a deliverance I never heard of before," exclaimed Mr. Weare.

"Who ever met so singular a person as that young fellow? Why, he seemed more like a phantom than a human being. He seemed hardly to touch the ground, but glided like a thing of air, and sported with the ferocious brute as carelessly as though she had been some harmless plaything," said Mr. Marston.

"Well, I shall think my life of some account in the world after such an interposition of Providence in my behalf," said Mr. Williams.

"What shall we do with our game?" asked Mr. Weare.

"Let her rot where she lies," returned Mr. Williams. "I have had enough of her."

"Are you much hurt?" inquired Mr. Weare.

"I was stunned by the fall, and that, and the terror of the fright quite unmanned me for the moment," replied Mr. Williams as they started to return to the lake.

His appearance showed that some misfortune had befallen him, and at dinner he related his adventure to the company.

By the time he had finished, word came that something of importance must have happened "below," for a boat containing two men was coming up the lake with all possible speed. Great anxiety was manifested as to the cause of this.

The boat landed. One of the men was the bearer of a package to the Governor.

Hastily running his eye over the document, he said: "The affairs of the province as yet are safe. But," he continued, "there is more mischief on foot from our bitter enemy Livius. He is striving with might and main for the appointment, by the King, to the office of Chief Justice of New Hampshire, and our friends in

England wish us to send with all possible despatch, remonstrances to his appointment, from the Legislature and the principal men of the province."

As good fortune would have it, some one — more in a merry mood than otherwise — had, when the Legislature adjourned, moved to meet at the residence of Gov. Wentworth in Wollborough, and, on counting up, it was found there were present sufficient members to form a quorum.

A remonstrance in proper form had already been drawn up, and all that was needful now was to take the proper steps for its signing. When this was done the Governor said :

"Three days hence, a vessel will sail from Boston for England, and these papers must be in the hands of a bearer of despatches on board that craft. Whom shall we send?"

"None of us old men," said Mr. Atkinson. "It needs some one who is young and spry."

"I nominate my young nephew, Wentworth Hunking," said the Governor, and he was appointed by a hearty and unanimous vote.

To the surprise of all, he received the appoint-

ment with reluctance, and would have peremptorily declined had he yielded to the promptings of his own heart. The reader will have no difficulty in divining the cause, although none present were able to tell.

In almost as short a time as it takes to write it, Wentworth Hunking prepared to take his leave, and stepped into the light craft that had brought the despatch. Meanwhile, the two men had been abundantly feasted while preparations were in progress for their return, and, as the lake was smooth, with but a gentle west wind, they bent manfully to the oars, and the light boat soon shot out of sight.

The sun had set, and twilight was settling down over lake and forest, when the boat reached the southern, or rather, eastern point of that arm of the lake now known as Alton Bay. Here horses were provided, but as there was a little delay in getting them in readiness, young Hunking wandered along the shore of the lake until he came to a large boulder; seating himself thereon, or partially leaning against it, something touched his shoulder, and, looking round, he was confronted by an Indian. Al-

though he was a young man of courage, this sudden apparition startled him.

"Does the heart of the young white brave sigh for the sight of Forest Flower by the running brook beyond the Suncook?" was quietly asked.

"Do you mean," — the young man hesitated. "I do not even know her name," he exclaimed. "But you must mean *her*."

"Ingun love Forest Flower. He was near that no harm come to her, when the young brave hear her voice, and go to her. They not know Ingun near —"

"Go to her," he interrupted, "and tell her that cruel Fate sends me across the great water, but that my heart is with her, and when I return, which will be soon, I shall hasten to her."

He had given his message none too soon, for, scarcely had he finished, when word came that the horses were ready, and, turning to urge the Indian to make all possible haste, he found he had disappeared as suddenly and noiselessly as he had come, leaving the young man in some doubt as to whether the vision had been real or not.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PLOT FOR REVENGE.

THE day dawned bright and clear. The new, mysterious light that shone upon the sweet face of Winnie the past few days had not been unnoticed by the inmates of the cabin, but it was not commented upon, for her heart was always light, and she so often discovered some hidden mystery or beauty in Nature that excited her admiration and added to her pleasure, it was not to be wondered at.

Of late the favorite seat at eventide, on the mountain side, had been deserted, and she had remained by the brook till the decline of the sun gathered dampness in the forest.

To-day, having early discharged her duties, which were light, in the household, she was earlier than was her wont at this quiet retreat, and, could an unseen observer have been near, it would have been easy to detect the sign of excitement in her heaving bosom, and the

heightened color on her fair face. Though she did not altogether anticipate the approach of him who had so deeply stirred her hitherto unmoved heart, the bare possibility that he might come sent the blood surging in swifter current through her veins, and gave to her face a sweeter charm than it usually wore.

Sitting there, she became impressed with the thought that some one was near, and, turning her head, discovered Catamount.

"The heart of Forest Flower is with the young white brave who went to the counsel of the Great Sachems on the Winnepesockee," said the Indian.

"O, Catamount! do you know him?" she pleaded.

"'Um talk last night by the water," replied Catamount. "The Great Sachems, at their counsel, have sent him over the great salt water, but his heart is by the running water where he met Forest Flower."

"How did you know him?" asked Winnie.

"Him near when the young brave hear the voice of Forest Flower by the running water," was the answer.

"Then you know it all," said Winnie, blushing.

"Young brave very great among the Sachems of the Great Council, and he love Forest Flower great much. He tell Ingun say he come soon and meet Forest Flower again."

"O, Catamount! did he tell you so?" exclaimed the young girl. "How did he look? Is he not noble and good?" she continued anxiously.

"He much brave and good. Forest Flower can give her heart to him. He make great Sachem when many snows come and go. He love Great Spirit, too, and talk with Him."

Winnie pondered his words a moment, then
• thought to question Catamount further, but he was gone. He had flashed the intelligence upon her and disappeared, as in the case of the young man.

But the words of the Indian cheered and comforted her. The absence of the one whom her heart followed, would be long, but it was enforced, and he too looked forward to a meeting when he should return. This thought caused the light of love to burn brightly in her heart. New purposes and new ambitions were born at

this hour. She was no longer "careless, mateless, ever free," as her song had it, but another's, and he hers! What sweeter, purer thought could possess a maiden's heart?

As the days glided swiftly by the prosperity of the cabin continued to increase. The crops were abundant. Peace, and contentment, and happiness, were the lot of all.

It was toward sunset, near the close of July; there were indications that a thunder storm of uncommon severity was imminent. Than and Jim had hurried through their chores and were about to enter the cabin to escape the rain which had begun to fall in large drops, when a stranger hastily approached the cabin from the mountain side, and asked for shelter. His sudden appearance, genteel and pleasing address — as if he had come in from a near neighbor's — was a surprise to all, but they gave him a ready and hearty welcome.

This stranger was none other than Harry Deerfoot, who, in his polite and affable manner, had a pleasant word for each one present. Caleb was absent with Catamount; he would remain away for several days. Rumor said, that some of the

Indian tribes to the North and East, were preparing to go on the war-path against the English on the Eastern frontier, whose encroachments had greatly provoked them.

When Deerfoot addressed Winnie he showed some embarrassment, but she replied with ease and grace to all his remarks. Used as he was to the ways of the world, and having an acquaintance with men of all ranks, he could not conceal his surprise at meeting with so much beauty and selfpossession in this lone cabin.

The storm proved less severe than was anticipated. It had spent its strength before it reached the mountain. The clouds soon cleared, and the sun sank to rest in splendor, leaving huge folds of massive clouds behind, gorgeous with purple, vermilion and gold. A sight that filled the observers at the cabin with admiration as they stepped to the door to look upon its splendor.

As the beauty of the sunset faded, Deerfoot began to look around and admire and praise everything he saw, and it was not long before he and Than were engaged in conversation concerning the location, and Deerfoot eagerly inquired how it was that he had made his home so

far in advance of other frontier settlers, whereupon he received a full history of the entire matter.

The narrative interested his visitor, who proceeded to draw from Than a full account of almost everything that had happened during his life. No mention was made of Winnie's advent in the household, however. His story dated from the time he went to Portsmouth from "the Jarsey Shore."

The young man spent the night at the cabin, giving as the reason for his being in the neighborhood, that he had lost his way in coming from Durham to Epsom ; and, that, having ascended the mountain to find out his position, he discovered the cabin. The next morning he seemed in no hurry to go ; on the contrary, he manifested a disposition to become better acquainted with Winnie. She was social, but maintained a reserve which Deerfoot was unable to overcome. When at last he took his leave, it was to say he expected to remain for a few days at his uncle's in Epsom, and begged the privilege of making another visit to the cabin, which was cheerfully granted.

Jim was greatly charmed with their visitor. He had shared his room with him, and they had talked familiarly about the affairs of the family.

Deerfoot's stay must have been very short at Epsom, if indeed he went there at all, for the day after leaving the cabin, he passed the evening at the house of Humphrey Dugan. Of late he had become a frequent, almost a constant visitor at his home. An intimacy that was remarked upon had sprung up between them. Some of his friends chided Deerfoot for so often being in the company of the old Kidnaper, but he only laughed and shrugged his shoulders at their apprehensions.

The robberies in Portsmouth and vicinity had become rare, and the perpetrator, or perpetrators, were supposed to have gone elsewhere to ply their art, when suddenly the town was startled by one of the most daring crimes ever recorded. It was in open daylight, and in sight of his own door, that one of Portsmouth's prominent men was stopped by a masked highwayman, and compelled to give up a well-filled purse and a valuable gold watch. The town was at once aroused, and a search instituted, but no

trace of the offender could be found. Dugan could not be accused of this, for it was well known that he was in his own house when the deed was committed. In fact, he was most active in seeking to bring the offender to justice.

"For," he reasoned, "who is safe even in his own home, if this can be done in broad daylight?"

Some light may be thrown upon the matter if we give an account of an interview that took place between Dugan and Deerfoot after his return from the cabin of Clifford.

"Where do you suppose I spent night before last?" began Deerfoot.

"Where? How can I guess?" was the careless answer.

"It was in the cabin of a man by the name of Than Clifford."

"Zounds," exclaimed Dugan, springing to his feet in his surprise and excitement. "I've always prayed to live long enough to have revenge on him, and now I'll have it. Tell me where on the earth he is!"

"Oh! be seated, and compose yourself," said Deerfoot, "you cannot reach him to-night; and if you could, it would do you no good."

"Do no good! What do you mean? Do you suppose I am to be cheated out of my revenge after having waited patiently all these years? If you knew Humphrey Dugan you would know better than that," he replied fiercely.

"I have no such idea, but there are some things to be taken into account. You cannot go to his house, and satisfy yourself, either by shooting him or assaulting him as he did you."

"But the law! the law! I shall let the law avenge me."

"The law! he and all his friends would laugh you to scorn if you invoked the law after all these years; and then, public sentiment is, and will be, on his side, and the law would only add to your abuse and provocation."

"What, then, am I to do?"

"I will tell you a plan that will put him into the hands of the law, but in a different way from what you propose. If it can be made to appear that he is a confederate with the one who is perpetrating the robberies here, the law will quickly have him in its grasp."

"But I want him to know that I am having my revenge."

"If you are active in bringing the law upon him for this, he will know quick enough what it is all for."

"But he may get out of it and escape punishment, in that way."

"How can he, if the property that has been taken from people be found with him?"

"Well, he can't, that's certain."

"Now, I will tell you of something more that may trouble his peace. There is a most charming girl in his family whom he calls his daughter, but I'll bet a thousand dollars she is not; but she is as dear to him as the apple of his eye, and I want her. Though I know she must have a heart of fire, for some reason which I cannot understand, she is as cold as ice toward me.

"Herein, now, is a further means of revenge. You have had some experience in kidnaping, try your hand again on this girl and carry her off without harming her, to an island in the Winnipeg Lake, where all creation can't find her, and I will be the lucky knight-errant to discover and save her, and in this way I can gain her heart and love."

"Can all this be done?"

"With perfect ease. Leave it to me."

"I'll do it."

"Only put the matter into my hands and let me use your servants. I have already an island selected, and the means of reaching it in safety and secrecy. It will be easy to get provisions there without exciting suspicion, and let your old cook and that shrivelled one-eyed servant of yours go there to take care of the girl, until I make my appearance."

"Do as you like ; they are at your service for that and anything else to carry out your plans. An ingenious scheme — a very ingenious scheme," said Dugan, rubbing his hands in glee at this prospect of revenge.

Deerfoot left the house of Dugan late at night. Shrugging his shoulders, he muttered : "I'll hang the old villain with his own rope. He shall aid me in bringing to light the child of her father who shall, after she is mine, claim her own and beggar him. Won't he stare when he sees one whom he thinks to be dead ? The sight of Lute will sear his eyeballs and doom him to the gallows."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ARREST.

TWO or three weeks later still the town of Portsmouth was thrown into a fever of excitement by the report that the place of concealment of the party who had committed the robberies, or their confederates, had been discovered. Every one was eager to learn the details entire, but while the name or names could not be obtained, the place of concealment was said to be miles distant in some secluded spot on the frontier. No one was more active and impatient in urging on measures for bringing the criminals to justice than Dugan.

Search-warrants were issued, and the officers of the law, reinforced by a strong *posse* of men, among these Dugan and a servant of his, each well mounted, were ready to do duty.

Than and Jim were busy with their work on an early day in August, when this company suddenly invaded their premises. A part of the number

surrounded them, while others rushed in and ransacked the house. Presently Dugan's servant appeared, holding up to view a gold watch and a box of jewels which he had, he said, found secreted in the attic. Other things were discovered, among them a purse containing a small amount of gold and silver.

Dugan was beside himself with excitement.

"We've found the villains at last," he exclaimed, as Than and Jim were taken into custody. They were scarcely gone before three others arrived, who, seizing Winnie, lifted her upon a horse and rode away. Debby begged them to take her, but they said they were only sent for the girl. So, crushed, stunned, and in despair, she stood there, the picture of terror and wretchedness. What had befallen her? Had hers been an earthly hope and reliance, reason would have forsaken her as she stood thus deserted.

"O God!" she cried at last, as she fell upon her knees, "have mercy. Oh! sustain me in this awful hour. Forgive me that my faith has nearly failed me. Can it be that '*all* things work together for good to them that love Thee?' It

is Thy word, and I know Thy word never, never, never fails. Oh ! blessed, blessed faith and hope, come back to my heart. O, Lord ! defend and sustain dear, dear Winnie. Oh ! save her from harm. Is she not a sweet, pure and holy child ?

“ Yes, yes,” she murmured, rising from her knees comforted, and, in a measure, calm, “ we are all in the hands of a loving Father who does all things well. No murmur shall escape my lips. I have seen His mercy too often and too clear to doubt it now.

“ Caleb, O yes ! I have a comfort left — Caleb is safe. Oh ! when will he come ? ”

For several weeks he and Catamount had been, most of the time, absent ; sometimes on the confines of Canada, and sometimes in the deep wilderness of Maine, watching the movements of the Indian tribes preparing to go on the war-path.

The day following the arrests, a heavy rain set in, continuing far into the night. Toward evening, the next day, Caleb returned.

“ Oh ! ” he exclaimed, upon learning the sad story, “ if Catamount was only here.”

With little hope of reaching the ear of the Indian, after nightfall, and when all was still, he

left the cabin and went to Sounding Rock. With all his strength he sent the signal call into the silent valley. He listened ; there was no return. He tried again, and listened, when, to his great joy, faintly came an answering note, and before midnight Catamount entered the cabin.

"Caleb," said his mother next morning, "what will you do ? That awful Dugan will take you tu, if he knows who ye are."

"I'll tell ye, mother, I'll go tu the man that gin me the gun, Mr. Williams. He told me tu come tu him if I ever wanted anything."

"Wal, ye can du that, sure 'nough."

"Father 'n Jim I hain't no fear 'bout ; but who knows what'll 'come of Winnie. O, dear mother ! I'd rather die than have any evil come to her."

"The Lord will d'fend and pr'tect her, Caleb. Nobody can du her harm ; the very sight of her would disarm a monster."

That day at evening Caleb was at the door of Mr. Williams' mansion. It was opened by a colored servant.

"I wants to see Mr. Williams," said Caleb.

"You !" said the servant incredulously.

"Yes ; I want tu see him right away."

"Wal, he don't want to see you, I can tell you that myself," said the servant pompously, and was about to close the door when Mr. Williams, who had fortunately heard himself asked for, stepped forward and severely reprimanded his servant for his incivility. When he recognized Caleb he grasped him with both hands and almost bore him bodily into his handsome library. Seeing his face by the light he said :

"You are in trouble, young man. Tell me, how can I help you."

"Dad 'n Jim's took, and Winnie's carried off. I hain't no fear 'bout dad 'n Jim, but 'bout Winnie."

"Who is your dad ?"

"Than Clifford."

"Than Clifford. Yes ; I remember you told me so up there in the woods when you saved my life. You say there taken : what do you mean ?"

"I don't know, only a lot of men, ma'am says, come and rushed into the house and said they'd found a gold watch and a pus of money —"

"O, ho ! I know what you mean now. They

are — well, how is this? Let me see — Than Clifford! That name is certainly familiar.”

“Don’t ye ’member ’bout that ere time when dad took keer o’ your lumber up t’ ’Scassic and gin Dugan that — ”

“Ah! there, now, I have it; and Dugan has been very forward in this business of catching rogues. I see through it all now. The scamp!” he exclaimed. “But what about the girl — Winnie, did you say?”

“Yis; three men come and took her ’n carried her off on a hoss, ma’am said. Catamount ’n I was off on the Aroostick watching the strange [hostile] Inguns there and didn’t git home till tu days arter.”

“I have heard nothing of any but the two men. Who, besides your father?”

“Jim; ye know he’s Uncle Zeeb’s son that’s dead.”

“Worse and worse for the old Kidnapers. I dare say it is he that has had a hand in taking the girl. Is she your sister?”

“Yis; and she’s the handsomest bein’ anybody ever sot eyes on.”

“The more’s the pity,” said Mr. Williams,

musings, and looking sober. "Here 'tis, dark now, and nothing can be done till morning. You must have some supper and stay here to-night."

"No ; I must stay with Catamount."

"But have him come too. I insist upon it. Where is he ? "

"He's round somewhere, but I can soon git him."

"Well, do so," and as he spoke Mr. Williams summoned a servant. "Tell the cook to get supper for two ; the best the house affords — plenty of meat. Tell her to do it speedily as possible."

"Yes, sir."

"Now — let me see, your name is — "

"Caleb."

"Yes ; well, Caleb, have Catamount here with you, by all means. Don't fail now, for I want to see him."

The call of Caleb soon brought the Indian, who hesitated when invited to enter the "big wigwam," but at last consented and followed Caleb into the luxurious apartments, where, at first, he felt ill at ease, but Mr. Williams, who

was well acquainted with the habits of the natives, made arrangements accordingly.

While the two were at supper he hurried out to consult with the king's attorney, who had been led to suppose he had real criminals on his hands, and to get two or three others to come with him to his house for consultation. On inquiry he found that the officers who had made the arrests, knew nothing of the taking of Winnie. That, he was confident, was the act of persons employed by Dugan out of malice to Clifford.

Caleb and Catamount were urged to spend the night at Mr. Williams', but the former said :

"No ; Catamount 'n I are used tu sleepin' in the woods, and we must go back toward the cabin's fur's we can, and git there airly to-morrow."

"Caleb," said Mr. Williams, "let me know when you find your sister, if you do, but I have great fears. You and the Indian can find her if anybody can. Tell no one you have been here," he cautioned at parting.

The consultation that took place at the home of Mr. Williams' was long and earnest. It was at last decided to let no suspicion get abroad that

the prisoners were others than the real criminals. One thing they were sure of—the property exhibited as found at Clifford's cabin, was property which the adroit villain or villains had taken from the person of citizens of Portsmouth ; and, another thing was equally certain : either that Than Clifford was guilty, or Dugan had some hand in the robbery or in receiving what had been taken, with the full knowledge of it. And, to obtain the real offender, and his associate, was the purpose to be accomplished ; and the manner in which the robberies had been committed, proved to these men that it was no trifling work they were engaged in.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SEARCH.

C ALEB and Catamount reached the cabin early in the forenoon after leaving Portsmouth the night before. The tact and keenness of an Indian in following a trail, where even the faintest mark, or trace, can be found, is well known, and to follow the trail, or tracks made by the horse on which Winnie had been borne off, even though a heavy rain had since occurred, would seem easy enough.

This they at once set themselves to do. The difficulty for a time lay in the fact that many other horses had been in the vicinity of the cabin the same day. But as these all returned to Portsmouth except the one which bore Winnie, the place at which that horse turned off was to be looked for. Then it might be that, after being borne on the horse some distance, she might have been taken off and led into the wilderness, while the horse kept on.

All these suggestions passed through the mind of Catamount, for having been shown the place where the horse stood when Winnie was placed upon it, he examined long and carefully the tracks that remained. The examination was very unsatisfactory. The severe rain had wholly obliterated any distinctive marks, and they must trust to fortune to find any trace of the lost one.

The day was spent in following the route from the cabin to the vicinity of the frontier settlements, but only at one place did the Indian pause for any length of time. To this place he returned next morning and resumed his search. This spot was on the north side of the track leading "down below." Here Winnie might have been taken from the horse and led off into the trackless forest, or the trail might have been made by wild beasts, or, possibly, a solitary hunter, or forest ranger.

Catamount after another examination finally said :

"'Um follow," holding up three fingers.
"'Um go here," meaning that three persons had passed that way. That would be, two to go with

Winnie, and one to go on with the horse, as had been anticipated and feared might be the fact. But whither could these villains be leading their victim? It might be to the eastward, or it might be to the Winnipesockee.

At the place where the trail struck off from the travelled track, the ground was favorable for the discovery of traces of it, but when it had been followed to a more open forest on high ground, all trace disappeared. Still, by taking a zigzag course, hoping to strike the trail again, the Indian continued advancing in the general direction which the trail had indicated.

About noon Caleb, who had kept on the search too, and within call of Catamount, gave a shout that called the Indian hastily to where he stood. There, on a knoll, on the top of which was an immense boulder lying on the top of the ground, were the remains of a recent encampment. One side the rock was shelving, and beneath the overhanging part was a thick bed of freshly gathered branches, that might have served as a resting-place for one person. At a little distance off were the extinguished brands and the ashes of a recent fire.

Around here it could be seen were the tracks of two persons, who were, without doubt, the abductors of Winnie, and the bed by the rock was where she had passed the night.

From here again the trail was lost, only that at long distances, Catamount would come upon what seemed to be traces of it.

He kept on in the same direction, and at one place, on the side of a stream which he examined for a long distance, up and down, until he came to where it was plain some one had crossed, he said, " 'Um walk woods Canada."

He was familiar with the route over which, in former times, the hostile Indians were accustomed to lead their captives taken from the frontier settlements, and seemed to have made up his mind that Winnie was being taken there to be sold to the French, as the captives had been during the Indian wars, not realizing that that state of things no longer existed since Canada had come under the power of Great Britain.

He now pushed forward more directly and rapidly, at long distances finding traces, as he supposed, of the trail of the fugitive. In this

way, by nightfall they had passed beyond the easterly point of the lake. There, at sunset, they encamped for the night. At that hour the sky in the west was overcast, and at midnight a heavy rain set in, which continued till long after daylight. By an ingenuity which only those used to forest life are accustomed to, these two had provided against the threatened tempest, and having gone nearly supperless to bed, were compelled to find means to meet the demands of hunger in the morning. To one unused to the dripping forest after a pouring rain, the prospect of a fire and a breakfast would have been gloomy, especially as it was a day prior to the advent of friction matches and canned meats.

However, leaving Caleb to provide a fire, Cata-mont, with bow and arrows which he always carried, as well as his gun, set off for game. Caleb was not long in finding the trunk of a fallen tree which had lived out its time and fallen from age. The trunk, at the butt, was hollow, and the inside dry. Drawing the charge carefully from his silver-mounted gun, he flashed the powder in the pan against some light, dry rubbish he had gathered inside the trunk of the

tree, and easily started a fire in the hollow ; and thus the trunk itself was both fireplace and fuel. Pine cones and pine branches were easily gathered to increase the blaze, and when Catamount returned with two rabbits and a partridge, their feast was assured. Before this was finished the clouds had broken away and the sun shot his cheering rays into the high arches of the primitive forest.

It is useless to follow the course of these two in their search for the loved one. The reader is already aware of the destination of the abductors. Before they had passed beyond the eastern bay of the lake, they turned sharp off from the course they had pursued, and, following down a narrow ravine, made their way to the shore of the lake, where a boat was concealed in readiness for their use.

How the abductors knew just the course to take to come upon the lake where the boat was concealed, cannot be accounted for, unless Deer-foot himself, unseen by Winnie, directed them on their route in person.

It was a relief to her on reaching the island in the lake, to find one of her own sex, though

old and repugnant. But, aside from this, she found little comfort or consolation in her presence. She begged of her to know why she had been brought there, but the old woman only shook her head, with a wicked twinkle in her sharp, sunken eye, and said nothing.

The place of concealment was well chosen. The island was the interior of a cluster of islands, some of them much larger. It rose abruptly from the water, precipitous, apparently, on all sides, and thickly covered all round the margin with shrubs and stunted spruce and hemlock-trees, while the centre was in places only a bare rock with thin patches of grass and a few stunted oak and ash-trees that had "cast anchor in the rifted rocks."

Precipitous as the island at first sight appeared, there were several places in the ledgy wall of rocks by which the summit of it could be reached.

The place of shelter or residence for those upon the island was planned and constructed with much art, and not wholly devoid of taste. In fact there were several small structures. One served as kitchen, another as store-house, and

the main structure was for shelter, with several apartments, or divisions. All were constructed with poles and bark and branches of trees brought to the island, which furnished no such material.

The view was limited to the islands around it, with the exception of the peaks of the distant mountains. Red, White Face, and one or two others, could be distinctly seen. The apartment occupied by Winnie opened to the west, and to shield it from the pouring rays of the hot August sun, a sort of canopy formed of the bark of the white, or canoe-birch, was hung over the entrance. There were no means of lighting the room when the door was closed, save from a small aperture in the entrance-way. This, however, could be fastened on the inside by the occupant, which Winnie felt was a great security. But why was she taken from her home and thus sequestered? was a question constantly in her mind, and one that weighed heavily upon her heart.

Was the meeting by the brookside with the comely stranger, which had awakened such sweet dreams of love and future happiness, to be to her only a mockery for all future life? Did he

but know of her abduction, she believed he would come to her rescue, but, alas ! he was far away over the sea, and when he should return to the loved spot by the murmuring brook and find her long, long gone, no one knowing whither, what would he do ? and what, then, would be her fate ?

The day passed, and so, likewise, did the night, in perfect peace. Her meals, consisting of choice dishes of fish, game, and bread in abundance, were brought by the old woman who was strangely reticent, but attentive and respectful, treating her as she might a princess or some one of equal rank. To this, however, Winnie had been accustomed always, and so accepted the favor shown her without embarrassment.

And so the days passed until almost a week had worn away, when, one day, she overheard voices outside ; some one was speaking in a tone of command, which caused Winnie's heart to sink with fear. The look the old woman had returned to her first question was vivid in her mind now. Presently she entered the apartment and crouched down beside the door. Pale with fright, Winnie asked, with alarm, —

“Who ! What is it ? What is the matter ?”

"We are found out," whined the miserable old creature. "Somebody's come, and they will kill us 'cause we've got you here."

The heart of the young girl gave a great bound at this. Some one approached. The old woman clutched her dress as she started to meet her deliverers.

"Oh! help me — save me!" she cried.

"Fear not," said Winnie, "you shall not be hurt."

At that instant Deerfoot strode to the entrance of her apartment.

"I have succeeded at last," he exclaimed, removing his hat, and bowing low. "Young lady, I had met you but once, but when I learned that that base wretch, Dugan, out of spite to him you call father, had planned and executed your abduction, I determined not to eat or sleep till I had rescued you, and my long search has at last been crowned with success."

"O, sir! how can I be sufficiently grateful to you?"

"The satisfaction of my success, and the happiness I see it gives you, are abundant compensation for all I have done. I could do no less.

My heart would have sustained me, had the search for you been tenfold more arduous and lasting."

"Are any of my friends with you?"

"No. The infamous Dugan has them all imprisoned. You and I alone can rescue them."

"Oh! help me to fly to them at once. Oh! my poor, heart-broken mother. She will die. Take me to her before it is too late."

"Calm your anxiety for her. She is safe, and composed, for she knows, if alive, I should rescue you."

"Let us leave here this instant, that I may go to her."

"Had I the strength to-day, it should be done, but my long anxiety, fasting, and almost sleeplessness, have taxed my powers to the utmost. Will you grant me a day to rest?"

"Most ungrateful in me it would be did I not," said Winnie earnestly and heartily.

"As for you, old woman," said Deerfoot, turning to the cowering form, "get you gone from this presence, and don't let your shadow fall here only as you are ordered. If you have the means, provide me, and the man who accompa-

nies me, with the best your store affords," he commanded.

Upon this the old creature hurried off, but there was no look of terror or alarm on her withered face, which impressed Winnie as being somewhat strange, for his manner and tone were tragically fierce and severe.

It was not until the middle of the afternoon of the next day that Deerfoot again approached Winnie's apartment, when he saluted her with the same profound respect as the day before.

"I hope you find yourself recovered," was her reply, with a hopeful, happy look and tone.

"Very greatly improved, but suffering still the effects of my long-continued efforts for your recovery. But that is of no account—a mere trifle compared to the satisfaction of serving you."

"Oh! you must not think so lightly of your own life and comfort."

"It will be the sweetest comfort of my life that I can serve you, and minister to your happiness."

"I ought to be the most grateful of beings on the earth, for such kindness."

"Oh! that I could have the privilege of spending my whole life in your service. I have wealth almost untold. This purse, though crammed with gold, is but a bauble to me. It is yours, and all I have I lay at your feet." Saying this, he tossed the heavy purse to the lap of Winnie.

"Oh! pardon me," she exclaimed; "I cannot receive it—I cannot! Please take it back!"

"Fling it into the lake, then," said Deerfoot, a look of displeasure flitting over his really attractive face. "I have parted with it, will not your gratitude induce you to do me so small a favor as to receive it?"

"I certainly am not ungrateful, and if that is your view of my act I will accept it for your sake."

"You make me happy in so doing. I have much to say to you, but will take my leave of you now."

"Shall we not leave here in the morning? I am so anxious to return to my once happy home."

"Were it safe and prudent, I would fly with you thither to-night, but we must await the proper time; I will explain all to-morrow."

But, fair as were the words of Deerfoot, the quick, womanly perception of Winnie convinced her that there was something beneath the surface of all this manifestation of devotion and disinterestedness more to be feared than the presence of the old woman, or, perhaps, of Dugan himself. Immediate danger, however, she had no fear of, and to calm the beating of her disturbed heart, and gather strength from communion with Heaven beneath the stars, she went to a place on the brink of the island where she had the day before found a grateful seat.

The sighing of the gentle night breeze through the firs, and the soft splash of the ripples on the lake around the rocky base of the island, kept her there long after the last trace of daylight had faded from the western sky.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DISCOVERY.

WHO can imagine the increasing agony that gathered in the heart of the mother, and of those who kept up the search for their beloved? Catamount and Caleb had given up the pursuit towards the confines of Canada, and had made the circle of the lake in the most faithful, careful search.

At the end of the fifth day of Winnie's absence, Caleb returned for the second time to the cabin to console his mother, and with the possible hope of getting some tidings of the lost, and, if not, of proceeding again to Portsmouth to ascertain if she had not been heard of there.

Left to himself, Catamount, upon whom the long effort had had a visible effect, still prosecuted the search. He had more than once ascended the heights that overlooked the lake, but to no purpose. He had not gone to the summit of Red Mountain, though he had trav-

ersed the vicinity of it. But, faint and weary, he had climbed during that afternoon to its topmost height, and set himself down in the shelter of a shrub that protected him from the heat of the sun.

He sat there for a long time, for he needed rest. And as he sat facing the beautiful Winnepesaukee, spread out to his unobstructed view, he ran his still keen eye over its gleaming surface from island to island, when something caused a sudden change to come over his features. In an instant, from a despondent, hopeless, and wearied look, an expression of intense, eager surprise shot from his eye, and every feature manifested an almost startling eagerness—as if his whole soul were concentrated in that gaze. The next moment he sprang to his feet. The vigor and elasticity of youth seemed at once to have returned to him. With a bound, he shot from that lofty observatory and was lost in the thick forests that grew at a distance below the summit.

It was not long before a birchen canoe was skimming the lake like a bird in its flight, but the object for which it aimed was miles distant.

The last rays of the setting sun had already shot up from the west, and the darkness of night settled down over the broad expanse of water, and yet that little craft, apparently but an egg-shell on its surface, swept with unflagging speed on its way. Winnie had just arisen, to return to her apartment, when an object on the surface of the lake, almost at her feet, attracted her attention. The quick, eager eye of Catamount caught sight of her.

“Forest Flower!” in a voice like the ripple on the water, or the sigh of the night wind in the firs, came distinctly to her ear. Another, although by her side, would not have heard it. She was almost ready to leap to the water below to make sure of escape, but that was not necessary. The strong arm of Catamount led her gently and safely down a steep, narrow passage in the rocky side of the island, and lifted her into the canoe, which, in another moment, shot away as it had come — as noiseless as a bird upon the wing — and Winnie, the deeply-loved Forest Flower, was saved !

Landing not far from the northwestern base of the height, now known as Mt. Belknap, the

Indian took her safely down the steep mountain wall to his wigwam just as the daylight broke in the east.

Leaving her there to rest in peace and safety, he hurried down the Suncook, and shortly after the sun arose, he heard, clear and distinct, the note that told him that Caleb had returned to the cabin, and was searching for him. They hastened toward each other — Caleb to know if any tidings or trace of Winnie had been discovered, and Catamount to tell the story of her discovery and rescue.

Hurrying back to the wigwam they found her still asleep, but the joy of Caleb could not be restrained. As she arose he held her in his arms in a loving embrace; as he released her, something in the bosom of her dress attracted her attention. She hastily drew it forth, and as the purse which Deerfoot had forced upon her, met her sight, she cast it, as if it had been a viper, upon the ground.

Though heavy, it had lain where she had placed it, to please him, and the excitement of the escape had caused it to be forgotten and unnoticed. Caleb took it up, and as he examined

its contents, exclaimed : "Why, sister Winnie, you're rich's a king. This ere's all gold money. What makes ye throw't 'way that way?"

"For the scorn I feel for him who compelled me to receive it," she replied indignantly.

After a little further talk Winnie was eager to return to the cabin to receive the embrace and blessing of her mother, but as they were preparing to do so, Caleb stopped short.

"Look a-here, Winnie dear, 'twon't du fer ye tu go home, cuz them fellers wot carried ye off afore 'll be arter ye ag'in."

"Words of *Wudgee*" — meaning Caleb — "very wise," said Catamount.

"Stay here, Winnie; nobody'll find ye here, and we'll tell mother; and's long's ye're safe, she'll be happy. I'll take this here puss o' gold tu Mr. Williams and tell him how ye come by it. He wanted me tu bring anything we might find round the cabin, and he may have a use for this here, tu. If them villains come tu the cabin ag'in, and don't find ye, p'raps they'll think ye've jumped intu the lake; so we'll tell ma'am tu say ye hain't come home, ye know."

Caleb showed shrewdness and forethought in

all this, and it proved of grave importance in the end.

"Catamount," said Caleb, as they were both about to leave the wigwam, "you need rest; you stay here with Winnie till I come back. You 'nd she nuther hain't eat nothin' to-day; you build a fire 'nd she'll du the cookin', won't ye, Winnie?"

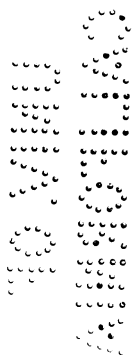
"Yes, indeed; yes, Catamount, stay with me here, and rest, or you'll die of fatigue and hunger."

"Words of Forest Flower good," said the Indian, and he let Caleb depart without him. It was well he did, for the tension upon his physical and mental endurance had been great. With difficulty he obtained the means of supplying the food for the meal that both he and Winnie needed. He started the fire, and she prepared the food and cooked it. She was hungry, and ate heartily, but to her surprise and alarm, Catamount could eat but little.

He then arranged the mats of fur skins for his couch, and lay down and slept soundly till it began to grow dark, when Winnie awoke him and set food that she had carefully prepared, be-



CALEB RETURNING TO WINNIE'S HIDING-PLACE.



fore him. But he barely tasted it, and lay down again. In the morning he was still sleeping heavily, and Winnie attempted to arouse him, but was unsuccessful. She became alarmed, yet knew not what to do.

A little before sunset Caleb returned. On learning the condition of Catamount he attempted to arouse him, and succeeded in partially doing so. He languidly opened his eyes. Winnie too was by his side. "Smile of the Great Spirit," he said, in his low, and not unmusical voice, as he looked into her sweet face.

"Catamount come to the end of the trail here. He go now on the long trail to the happy hunting-grounds. He know the way; he hear the words of Great Spirit from the lips of Forest Flower. All light now."

"O Catamount!" said Caleb, in an anguish of spirit, "you must not die. Oh! do get well, won't ye?"

"Happy," was the last word that he spoke, as a placid expression succeeded to one of pain, and the spirit of the last Penacook had passed from the land of his fathers.

The sorrow of the two young people as the

full consciousness of the truth that he was really dead, came upon them, was deep, and their tears flowed freely as they recounted his many, many deeds of love to them, and especially of the last, which resulted in the rescue of Winnie, the effort to accomplish which had doubtless been the immediate cause of his death. But he had died happy, with the two he loved near him, and happy that the lost had been found and rescued.

At some distance from his wigwam an immense granite boulder lay, mostly on the surface of the ground. Here Caleb prepared a grave, and the two placed the body of Catamount in it, with his bow and quiver of arrows by his side, and with the skins of his wigwam around him. Then covering him deeply in the ground, they left him to his rest.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TRIAL.

IT had been arranged with the king's attorney, that Winnie should go with Caleb to the settlement at Epsom, and abide in the Lock family until such time as she should be wanted in the court which was to be held for the preliminary examination of the case against the criminals prior to their full commitment to await the setting of the Superior Court. This was anticipated to be but a short affair, as the evidence against those charged with the crime was so clear and positive. The only cause of delay, so far as everybody but the king's attorney and a few others knew, was the absence of the judge before whom the case was to be examined ; but the real cause was far otherwise.

When everything was prepared, the witnesses were summoned, and the parties brought into court. The owners of the watch, jewels and other things found at the cabin, identified them,

and Dugan and the officer, and one or two others, testified to these having been found in the cabin of Than Clifford. Dugan was very circumstantial in giving his testimony, being particular to say the watch and other things had been concealed by Clifford, whom he called the principal criminal—a great villain, and scoundrel, and the like.

Dugan was the last witness to testify against Clifford and Jim. The court room was crowded, and prominent among the listeners and spectators, was Deerfoot. After Dugan had finished, there was a pause. The king's attorney seemed to hesitate.

"Mr. Attorney, are you through?" asked the judge. "Have you any more witnesses?"

"I have one more," he replied. There was a stir in the crowd. The sheriff of the province and the marshal both came forward, each with an attendant. As by accident, the sheriff stood beside Deerfoot, and the marshal beside Dugan.

"Well, Mr. Attorney," said the judge, "proceed."

Instantly the sheriff put his hand upon Deerfoot.

"You are my prisoner," said he, and before Deerfoot fully understood what was being said to him, he was in irons, while the marshal had performed the same office upon Dugan. At the same time, Dugan's servant, who had been engaged with him in finding the stolen property at the cabin, was brought in, also manacled.

"This is the witness," said the attorney, "I next call."

It had been a bold stroke on the part of the king's attorney, but he was confident this servant could be frightened into turning state's evidence. He had been summoned as a witness, then called out without the knowledge of Dugan, and arrested and charged with having himself carried the stolen property to Clifford's cabin. He was told that if he would tell the truth in the transaction he should be unharmed. He at once made confession, and was now brought into court.

The attorney ordered the irons removed, and after the oath was administered, said to him, "You are at liberty to take your own course."

"Have you ever seen this watch before?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At Than Clifford's cabin."

"Do you know how it came there?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"I carried it there."

"How came you by it?"

"Dugan handed it to me."

"What did he say when he gave it to you?"

"I'm going to lay a trap for that villain, Than Clifford, and pay off the grudge I've had against him so long."

"Do you know where he got it?"

"No."

During the examination Dugan trembled like a leaf. There seemed nothing to criminate Deerfoot, and he very coolly asked why it was he was under arrest.

"Can you account for the manner in which that purse came to your hands?" asked the attorney, holding up the one he had given Winnie, and which she had cast from her so scornfully.

"I know nothing about it whatever," he replied.

"Call in the young lady," said the attorney to a constable, and Wentworth Hunking entered, leading Winnie.

"What is this witness's name?" asked the judge.

"Winifred Clifford," answered the attorney.

"Winifred Longridge," shrieked a woman of strange look and appearance, as, regardless of the court and crowd in attendance, she rushed forward and seized the witness in her arms.

"Don't you know your long-lost Lute? I've been studying that man's face," she cried, "now I know him," pointing to Clifford. "Didn't I bring this girl, when a baby, to your cottage on the Jersey shore? Your own little boy was sick. I am Lute," she continued, "Uncle Zeeb's child, and there stands the man," pointing to Dugan, "that stole me and carried me to the pirate ship."

"Woman," said the attorney, going to Lute and taking her kindly by the arm, "we are busy with the court just now. You shall see the young lady, and this affair shall be cleared up, but let us proceed with the matter now in hand." She yielded, and stood aside.

The appearance of Winnie caused the face of Deerfoot to blanch. She knew too much. He at once saw that his iniquity must come to light. One of Dugan's own servants had condemned *him* to the gallows, and others of them, with what Winnie knew, would bring him to the same end.

Deerfoot had accidentally met Lute, who, after being for years the wife of a rover of the deep, on his death had fallen into the possession of a kind master in Cuba, and from her he had learned the singular story of the death of Mr. Longridge, which had been brought about by the connivance of a relative with a pirate for the purpose of getting possession of his estate; that the plan was to destroy the life of his child at the same time, but that she had been saved by her; that the child would have been thrown into the sea, but that Lute threatened if that was done to throw herself in also.

It was then agreed by the pirates who had taken the life of Mr. Longridge, and had robbed and then burned the ship he had taken passage on, that the child's life should be spared, but that it should be carried on shore and abandoned

at the first land they should make, and that, as near as Lute could learn, had been the coast of New Jersey, where the child had been left. In one way and another, by his shrewdness and skill, aided by many fortunate accidents, Deerfoot, who was a most daring, adroit and successful villain, had traced out and actually found the lost heiress to the estate of Mr. Longridge, and all he needed was to gain her heart and hand, and Dugan would have found himself beggared by one whom he took to be his only friend.

The scheme of both — one for an estate, and the other for revenge — had failed, and their feet had been caught in the net they had set for others.

Than and Jim were acquitted, and received the hearty congratulations of the great company present, while the real criminals were committed to prison. When told that Jim was her brother, Lute was beside herself with joy.

Deerfoot was accused of committing murder in Massachusetts, after robbing a man, to escape capture, so a requisition was sent from the authorities of that province, and he was delivered up for trial there. He was found guilty, and

sentenced to be hanged. Dugan, by the aid of some of his accomplices, succeeded in escaping from prison, and years afterward was heard of in one of the West India Islands, leading a life as miserable as the wretch deserved.

When all these strange developments had concluded, and the inmates of the cabin returned in peace to their happy home, the faith of Debby — that all things work together for good to them that love God, for they are the called according to the promise — was fully sustained.

The mystery that surrounded the birth of Winnie was made plain, but she did not cease to be their darling child. To Than and Debby she was, and always remained, their loving daughter, even after she, as the wife of Wentworth Hunking, became the mistress of her long-lost patrimony. The memory of Catamount was cherished by all, and the family mourned sincerely for him to whom they were indebted for so much of the happiness of their after life.

BOOKS FOR BOYS.

ALL AMONG THE LIGHTHOUSES. By MARY BRADFORD CROWNINSHIELD, wife of Commander Crowninshield. Finely illustrated from photographs and original drawings. Extra cloth, quarto, \$2.50.

An attractive book for boys, giving the account of an actual trip along the coast of Maine by a lighthouse inspector with two wide awake boys in charge. The visits to the numerous lighthouses not only teem with incident, but abound in information that will interest every one.

BOYS' HEROES. By EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Reading Union Library. 16mo, illustrated, cloth, \$1.00.

Twelve chapters containing the story told in Dr. Hale's characteristic style, of a dozen characters famed in history as worthy to bear the title of heroes, and the story of whose deeds and lives possesses a special interest for boys.

PLUCKY BOYS. Business Boys' Library. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and other authors. \$1.00.

"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."—*President Garfield*. Spirited narratives of boys who have conquered obstacles and become successful business men; or of other young fellows who have shown fearlessness and "fight" in situations of danger.

A BOY'S WORKSHOP. By A BOY AND HIS FRIENDS. \$1.00.

Just the book for boys taking their first lesson in the use of tools. All sorts of practical suggestions and sound advice, with valuable illustrations fill the volume.

BOY LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY. By H. H. CLARK. 12mo, illustrated, \$1.50.

If there is anything in the way of human attire which more than any other commands the admiration and stirs the enthusiasm of the average boy of whatever nation, it is the trim uniform and shining buttons that distinguish the jolly lads of the "Navy." In this graphically written and wonderfully entertaining volume, boy life in the Navy of the United States is described by a naval officer, in a manner which cannot fail to satisfy the boys.

HOW SUCCESS IS WON. By MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON. \$1.00.

This is the best of the recent books of this popular class of biography; all its "successful men" are Americans, and with two or three exceptions they are living and in the full tide of business and power. In each case, the facts have been furnished to the author by the subject of the biography, or by family friends; and Mrs. Bolton has chosen from this authentic material those incidents which most fully illustrate the successive steps and the ruling principles, by which success has been gained. A portrait accompanies each biography.

STORIES OF DANGER AND ADVENTURE. By ROSE G. KINGSLEY, B. P. SHILLABER, FREDERIC SCHWATKA and others. \$1.25.

Fascinating stories of thrilling incidents in all sorts of places and with all kinds of people. Very fully illustrated.

WONDER STORIES OF TRAVEL. By ELIOT MCCORMICK, ERNEST INGERSOLL, E. E. BROWN, DAVID KER and others. Fully illustrated. \$1.50.

From the opening story, "A Boy's Race with General Grant at Ephesus," to the last, "A Child in Florence," this book is full of stir and interest. Indian, Italian, Chinese, German, English, Scotch, French, Arabian and Egyptian scenes and people are described, and there is such a feast of good things one hardly knows which to choose first.

BOOKS FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS AND THE LITTLE FOLKS.

BYE-O-BABY BALLADS. In beautiful binding of colors and gold.
\$2.00.

The little folks have in this superb "color book" a volume as perfect in taste as the costly adult gift books of this and previous years. The ballads, by CHARLES STUART PRATT (editor of *WIDE AWAKE* and *BABYLAND*), are for children, not simply about them, and, between the songs of good-morning and good-night cover the range of a child's day and a child's year. The pictures, by F. Childe Hassam, the popular water color painter, include many charming full-pages and hundreds smaller, reproduced in exquisite colors by the eminent art lithographers, G. H. Buck & Co. Withal, the book is distinctively modern and American.

IN NO-MAN'S LAND. Wonder Stories, Vol. I. By E. S. BROOKS.
72 drawings by Hassam. \$1.25.

The adventures of little wide awake American Ruthie really rival those of the famous Alice; the pages sparkle with transformation scenes, pageants, tableaux and astonishments. The wittiest child's book ever published.

THE BUBBLING TEAPOT. Wonder Stories, Vol. II. By MRS. LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY. 12 page drawings by Walter Satterlee. \$1.25.

Records of the twelve magic journeys and the twelve lives of pretty Flossy Tangleskein. Full of charming incident, with a sweet little lesson of happiness at the very end. Sure to be a perennial favorite.

MY LAND AND WATER FRIENDS. By MARY E. BAMFORD.
\$1.50.

The most novel and entertaining of outdoor books, giving delicious little autobiographic accounts of strange and familiar creatures, their ways of life and possible ways of thinking and talking, together with nearly two hundred original drawings by L. J. Bridgman, accurate enough for a scientific work, yet not lacking in fancy and quaint touches.

THE CATS' ARABIAN NIGHTS. By ABBY MORTON DIAZ.
\$1.25.

Here is a story to delight the heart of childhood. It tells how the kitten Pussyanita beguiled the cruel King Grimalkum from taking her life by telling him funny stories, until the king became so fond of hearing them that he annulled the sentence he had pronounced against white and yellow cats. The book is profusely illustrated, and is altogether funny and unique. With a new and beautiful double lithograph cover.

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN, 1886. Quarto, illuminated cover, \$1.50; cloth, \$2.00.

A notable feature of this attractive annual is the large number of full-page pictures, seventy-four in all, two printed in colors, in addition to nearly two hundred smaller illustrations. The text is designed for the delight and information of youngest readers.

BABYLAND, '86, Boards, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

This beautiful annual for the nursery is radiant with pictures of bonny baby-life. Its bewitching little stories, its merry jingles and charming pictures make it a never-ceasing delight.

LITTLE FOLKS' ART BOOK. Double lithograph covers in nine colors by H. Bencke. \$1.00.

Pen-and-ink drawings prepared for the children by George Foster Barnes, M. J. Sweeney, W. P. Bodfish and J. E. Francis. The delight of the nursery and the drawing-room; while the designs tempt the little people to copy them, thus inciting to early practice with pencils and crayons, the wit of the conceptions certainly amuse and greatly entertain the older members of the family.

MARGARET SIDNEY'S BOOKS.

That "Child Classic," **FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW**, comes out in a new, charming edition. \$1.50.

The perfect reproduction of child life in its minutest phases catches one's attention at once. — *Christian Advocate*.

SO AS BY FIRE. \$1.25.

We have followed with intense interest the story of David Folsom. — *Woman at Work*.

THE PETTIBONE NAME. \$1.25.

This is a capital story illustrating New England life. — *Inter-Ocean*, Chicago.

The characters of the story seem to be studies from life. — *Boston Post*.

HALF YEAR AT BRONCKTON. \$1.25.

A lively boy writes, "This is about the best book that ever was written or ever can be."

HOW THEY WENT TO EUROPE. 16mo, illustrated.

The plan of the book resembles, in some respects, that of "A Voyage Around my Room." It is certainly bright. — *N. Y. Independent*.

THE GOLDEN WEST. Extra cloth, \$2.25; boards, \$1.75.

The best travel book for children. It combines fun with instruction in the right proportions. The pictures of the States west of the Mississippi and along the sunny Pacific slopes, are full of graphic coloring.

WHO TOLD IT TO ME? \$1.25.

A most stirring story of school life in New England. The characters make their mark in the war for the Union. It is such a book as you would expect from Margaret Sidney.

WHAT THE SEVEN DID. Boards, \$1.75; extra cloth, \$2.25.

A royal gift book for children. They read it again and again, and, best of all, they practice it. Many Wordsworth Clubs are doing deeds of charity according to the model in this book.

A NEW DEPARTURE FOR GIRLS. 75 cents.

The most practical, sensible and to-the-point book which has been written for girls within the last fifty years — a godsend to the "Helen Harknesses" of our great cities, and small towns as well. That this kindly effort has already reached young women is evident from advertisements already appearing in the "Wanted" columns of the Boston dailies.

POLLY: Where she lived, what she said and what she did. Quarto, 50 cents.

With twelve full-page pictures by Margaret Johnson. A story of a funny parrot and two charming children.

ON EASTER DAY. An illustrated poem. 35 cents.

THE MINUTE MAN. A ballad of the "shot heard round the world." Illustrated, \$1.50.

HESTER, and other New England Stories. A story for adults. \$1.25.

The character touches are strong and well-defined. It is fresh with New England atmosphere.

TWO SMALL LITTLE PRINCES, and other Stories for young people. \$1.00.

Full of exquisite touches of humor and pathos, and cosy home life.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

HOLD UP YOUR HEADS, GIRLS! By ANNIE H. RYDER. \$1.00.

One of the brightest, breeziest books for girls ever written; as sweet and wholesome as the breath of clover on a clear June morning, and as full of life and inspiration as a trumpet call. The writer, a popular teacher, speaks of what she knows, and has put her own magnetism into these little plain, sensible, earnest talks, and the girls will read them and be thrilled by them as by a personal presence.

A NEW DEPARTURE FOR GIRLS. By MARGARET SIDNEY. 75 cents.

In this bright little story, we see what may be really done in the way of self-support by young women of sturdy independence and courage, with no false pride to deter them from taking up the homely work which they are capable of doing. It will give an incentive to many a baffled, discouraged girl who has failed from trying to work in the old ruts.

HOW THEY LEARNED HOUSEWORK. By CHRISTINA GOODWIN. 75 cents.

Four merry schoolgirls during vacation time are inducted into the mysteries of chamber-work, cooking, washing, ironing, putting up preserves and cutting and making underclothes, all under the careful supervision of one of the mothers. The whole thing is made attractive for them in a way that is simply captivating, and the story of their experiment is full of interest.

A GIRL'S ROOM. With plans and designs for work upstairs and down, and entertainments for herself and friends. By SOME FRIENDS OF THE GIRLS. \$1.00.

This dainty volume not only shows girls how to make their rooms cosy and attractive at small trouble and expense, but also how to pass a social evening with various games, and to prepare many pretty and useful articles for themselves and friends.

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS. By PANSY. 12mo, fully illustrated, \$1.50.

Christie is one of those delightfully life-like, naïve and interesting characters which no one so well as Pansy can portray, and in the study of which every reader will find delight and profit.

ANNA MARIA'S HOUSEKEEPING. By MRS. S. D. POWER. 16mo, extra cloth, \$1.00.

Articles on household matters, written in a clear, fascinating style out of the experience of a writer who knows whereof she speaks. Every girl and young housekeeper should own a copy.

BRAVE GIRLS. By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD, NORA PERRY, MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD and others. \$1.50.

Here are deeds of stirring adventure and peril, and quiet heroism no less brave, to incite girls to be faithful and fearless, strong and true to the right.

NEW EVERY MORNING: Selections of Readings for Girls. By ANNIE H. RYDER. \$1.00.

This is just such a book as one would expect from the popular author of "Hold up your Heads, Girls!" and will be no less a favorite. The selections are all choice and appropriate, and will be eagerly read each morning by the happy owners.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FARMING FOR BOYS. What they have done, and what others may do in the cultivation of farm and garden. How to begin, how to proceed, and what to aim at. By the author of *Ten Acres Enough*. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. This excellent work, from the pen of the author of *Ten Acres Enough*, will be warmly welcomed by boys who delight in country work as well as by parents who would like to see their sons settle down to good honest labor on the old homestead or on farms of their own. The author endeavors to convince boys who are living in the country that their future prosperity and happiness will be best promoted by remaining where they are instead of flocking to the city, where work is harder and prospects more uncertain. He shows them the advantages of farm life, its healthfulness, its freedom from temptation, and the sure reward it brings to intelligently directed industry. He appeals to fathers who have boys old enough to do farm work to arouse an interest in them, by giving them gardens or patches of their own to work on from which they can realize some personal benefit. He says truly that the children of too many farmers have been kept as mere drudges, with no pains taken to encourage their individual enterprise by showing them how to make something for themselves. Farmers' boys understand early that the making of their fortunes rests with themselves. If they have nothing of personal interest to hold them to their homes beyond the natural home affections, it is hard to keep them there. If parents would afford them some little opportunity to begin to lay up something early, they would soon find farm life as attractive as the dreams of city life. The book is in the form of a story, and will be read by those for whom it is intended with delight and profit.

LITTLE FOLKS' EVERYDAY BOOK. Edited by Amanda B. Harris. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. This little volume prepared upon the plan of the birthday books which are so popular nowadays, is destined to win merit and good favor wherever it goes. Not only will the "little folks," for whom it was specially designed, find pleasure in turning its leaves, but the older members of the family as well, for the lines are from pens highly prized. It contains a picture, a verse and a blank for every day of the year, together with twelve full-page pictures in color, representing the various months of the year, designed by G. F. Barnes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ONLY WAY OUT. By Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. The rather enigmatical title of the handsome volume before us is fully explained in the closing chapter of the story. The author endeavors to show that there is but one sure way out of the darkness into which we are plunged by earthly crosses and trials, and that is an earnest faith in and reliance upon Christ. The lesson sought to be conveyed is mainly through the experience of Joseph Graydon, a bright generous-hearted young merchant, who is cursed with an appetite for liquor so strong that when temptation comes he has no power to resist it. Pledges, promises and resolutions made in his sober moments avail nothing when attacked by the terrible desire for drink. In all his struggles with the habit which is steadily working his ruin, he seeks no help outside of himself, depending only upon his own strength of will to overcome the tempter. He falls at last, a victim to his weakness and blindness in refusing to look for aid whence all aid comes. Says one of the characters in commenting upon his fate — "They may talk as they will, it takes a solid basis of rocky conviction to hold one to this work of mastering the evil that is rampant in the world. You may pile up figures and facts, pathos and argument, but unless God touches the conscience you can't depend upon a man for a steady pull through the breakers. All real reformatory power is vested in the Lord Jesus Christ."

SO AS BY FIRE. By Margaret Sidney. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. Anything from the author of "Five Little Peppers" will be read with eagerness and with the certainty beforehand that it will be well worth reading. *So as by Fire* is a story full of earnest purpose. The lesson it teaches is that it is only through great sorrow and tribulation that some souls are purified; that the trials and vexations and disappointments of this world, if rightly accepted and turned to use, make clean the heart "as by fire." To impress this fact strongly upon the mind of the reader is the constant aim of the author. It is not a child's book, although some of the more entertaining characters in its pages are children. Its purpose is to strengthen those who are bowed down by trouble, and to inspire them with faith in the final reward of constant well doing.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MOTHER'S RECORD of the Physical, Mental and Moral growth of her Child for the first Fifteen Years. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. This work is as valuable as it is unique. It is not intended for the recording of minute matters connected with the health or illnesses of the child, but is a simple form of record of those more interesting and entertaining items about the child that, as the writer herself says in her preface, most mothers determine at the birth of the child to set down for future reference. It is the first tooth, the first word uttered, the schools attended, the characteristic traits, the mischievous acts, the journeys and visits, the accomplishments and prejudices, the habits, and in short, every thing connected with the subject that a fond mother would like to remember or to have her child remember in after years. The writer begins with a reference to Dr. Preyer's work on "Psychogenesis," which she considerably defines to be the "development of the soul," and speaks of the reference in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* to the subject of "heredity," but we assure our readers that she drops all big words there and leaves the rest of the beautiful volume as easy reading as they would wish. When the blanks in such a book have been filled out, it is a record of wonderful interest.

THE HARRISVILLE YOUNG LADIES' BAND. Mrs. Harry Harper's Awakening. By Pansy. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$.15 Two of Pansy's brightest and most telling sketches, and practical as they are bright. Pansy never writes without a special end in view, and some of her short stories have achieved results where the most powerful sermons would have failed. The first of these sketches touches upon missions and mission work, and shows how people with time hanging upon their hands may busy themselves to their own and others' profit. The second story deals with the same general subject of missions, but in another way, and is intended to illustrate how much may be accomplished by a few when backed by determined effort.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SINNER AND SAINT : A story of the Woman's Crusade : by A. A. Hopkins, author of "John Bremm: His Prison Bars," etc. Boston : D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. This is a notable addition to temperance literature and combines, in style and treatment, some of the strongest characteristics of that unique temperance narrative, with salient features peculiar to itself. It is both a live, progressive, radical reform story, quite abreast with the temperance thought of to-day, and an intense, absorbing record of heart experiences, reading as if they were all real. In its delineation of scenes and incidents in the Woman's Crusade, it traverses a field rich in suggestion, in feeling and in fact, and hitherto ignored by the novelist. The Crusade marked an epoch in temperance activities, and *Sinner and Saint* vividly reflects the wonderful spirit of that movement, while as vividly portraying the strange methods and the remarkable faith that gave it success. This is a broader, more comprehensive story than its predecessor from the same pen, more abundant in characters, and stronger in the love elements which these contribute. The religious tone of it also, is more decidedly pronounced. Baylan (New York?), Worrom, Ohio, and a Rocky mountain mining camp, form the *locali*. Of all these Mr. Hopkins writes like one familiar with his ground, as he is confessedly familiar with the different phases of temperance endeavor and need. "To the women who work and pray, for love's dear sake and home's, that fallen manhood may come to its own again," he dedicates his work. It should win the early perusal of all that noble army, and of a wide circle besides — of all, indeed, who sympathize with human weakness and admire womanly strength.

KINGS, QUEENS AND BARBARIANS ; or, Talks about Seven Historic Ages. By Arthur Gilman, M.A. New Edition, enlarged. Ill. Boston : D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. This handsome little volume, prepared for young readers, is a pleasant condensation of the main facts in the world's history from the time of the Golden Age of Greece, which dates back to five hundred years before Christ, down to the Golden Age of England, or the time of the Puritans. The information is conveyed in the form of a family dialogue, in which the father entertains his children evening after evening, in a series of talks, taking up in a natural way one subject after another, giving just enough of each to create an appetite among the young listeners to know more about them and to bring the various volumes of history in the family library into active demand. Young readers will find a delightful volume.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHIPS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.—12 mo. 486 pp. \$1.50
What the press says of it:

In this handsome volume of five hundred pages have been brought together some of the most important utterances of our twenty presidents, carefully selected from speeches and addresses, public documents and private correspondence, and touching upon a large variety of subjects.—*Golden Rule, Boston.*

Most of the extracts are dated and accompanied by brief explanations of the circumstances under which they were written, and the volume, therefore, if judiciously read, will give a clearer idea of the character of the men than can be gathered elsewhere by reading a small library through.—*New York Graphic.*

The selections are made with judgment and taste, and represent not only the political status of the distinguished writers, but also their social and domestic characteristics. The book is interesting in itself, and specially valuable as a convenient book of reference for students of American history. Its mechanical presentation is all that can be asked.—*Providence Journal.*

Each chapter is prefaced by a brief synopsis of the life and services of its subject, and most of the extracts are dated, with brief explanations of the circumstances under which they were written. The work, in fact, is a handbook. It is convenient for reference of American history. It is printed in clear, large type, is tastefully and strongly bound, and is supplemented by a very full index.—*Woman's Journal, Boston.*

The book is thoroughly good; none better could be placed in the hands of young persons. By the light of these they can see the reflection of the character of the grand men who have been called to rule over the Nation during its existence. No other nation ever had such a succession of rulers, where so few have proved failures.—*Inter Ocean, Chicago.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LORD'S PURSEBEARERS. By Hesba Stretton. Boston. D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. The name of Hesba Stretton is too well known in English literature to render it necessary to make special commendation of any work from her pen. No writer of religious fiction stands higher in England, and there is not a Sunday-school library where some one of her volumes may not be found. She has the faculty of entertaining and instructing at the same time. The present publishers have made special arrangements with her for the production in this country of her latest work, and the probabilities are that all her future books will bear their imprint. In *The Lord's Pursebearers* the author draws a terrible picture of life among the vicious poor in London streets, and shows by what shifts the professional beggars and thieves of the great Babylon manage to live and thrive on the misplaced charity of the pitying well-to-do population. She arouses a strong feeling of sympathy for the children who are bred in the haunts of vice, and who are instructed in crime before they are old enough to know the meaning of the word. The story is one of intense interest, and the characters, especially those of old Isaac Chippendell, his granddaughter Joan, and little Lucky, are forcibly drawn. One can hardly believe that such places exist or that such deeds are perpetrated as are here described, but one who is familiar with London and its streets knows that they are no exaggerations. The volume is illustrated.

THE AFTERGLOW OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL. By Adelaide L. Harrington. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. This pleasant record of experiences abroad will delight those who have gone over the same ground, as well as those who have never strayed beyond the bounds of their own country. It is not a connected story of travel, but consists of reminiscences and descriptions of various spots and objects which made the deepest and most lasting impression upon the writer.



"Ideal American magazines!"

It is a fact acknowledged by the English press that American magazines, by enterprise, able editorship, and liberal expenditure for the finest of current art and literature, have won a rank far in advance of European magazines.

It is also a fact that for young people

WIDE AWAKE

Stands foremost

*In pleasure-giving!
In practical helping!*

Each year's numbers contain a *thousand quarto pages*, covering the widest range of literature of interest and value to young people, from such authors as John G. Whittier, Charles Egbert Craddock, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Susan Coolidge, Edward Everett Hale, Arthur Gilman, Edwin Arnold, Rose Kingsley, Dinah Mulock Craik, Margaret Sidney, Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.), Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elbridge S. Brooks and hundreds of others; and *half a thousand illustrations* by F. H. Lungren, W. T. Smedley, Miss L. B. Humphrey, F. S. Church, Mary Hallock Foote, F. Child Hassam, E. H. Garrett, Hy. Sandham and other leading American artists.

ONLY \$3.00 A YEAR. PROSPECTUS FREE.

WIDE AWAKE is the official organ of the C. Y. F. R. U. The Required Readings are also issued simultaneously as the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL, with additional matter, at 75 cents a year.

For the younger Boys and Girls and the Babies



Our Little Men and Women,

With its 75 full-page pictures a year, and numberless smaller, and its delightful stories and poems, is most admirable for the youngest readers.

\$1.00 a year.



Babyland

Never fails to carry delight to the babies and rest to the mammas, with its large beautiful pictures, its merry stories and jingles, in large type, on heavy paper.

50 cts. a year.



The Pansy,

Edited by the famous author of the "Pansy Books," is equally charming and suitable for week-day and Sunday reading. Always contains a serial by "Pansy."

\$1.00 a year.

Send for specimen copies, circulars, etc., to the Publishers.

D. LOTHROP & CO., BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Little Folks' Every Day Book.

RYHMES AND ILLUSTRATIONS FOR EVERY DAY.

MAY 18TH.

A song of a nest: —

There was once a nest in a hollow;
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim:



MAY 19TH.

"Good night!" said the hen, when her
supper was done,
To Fanny who stood in the door,
"Good night," answered she, "come back
in the morn,
And you and your chicks shall have more."



MAY 20TH.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up
in the tree,
"He's singing to me! He's singing to
me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy"



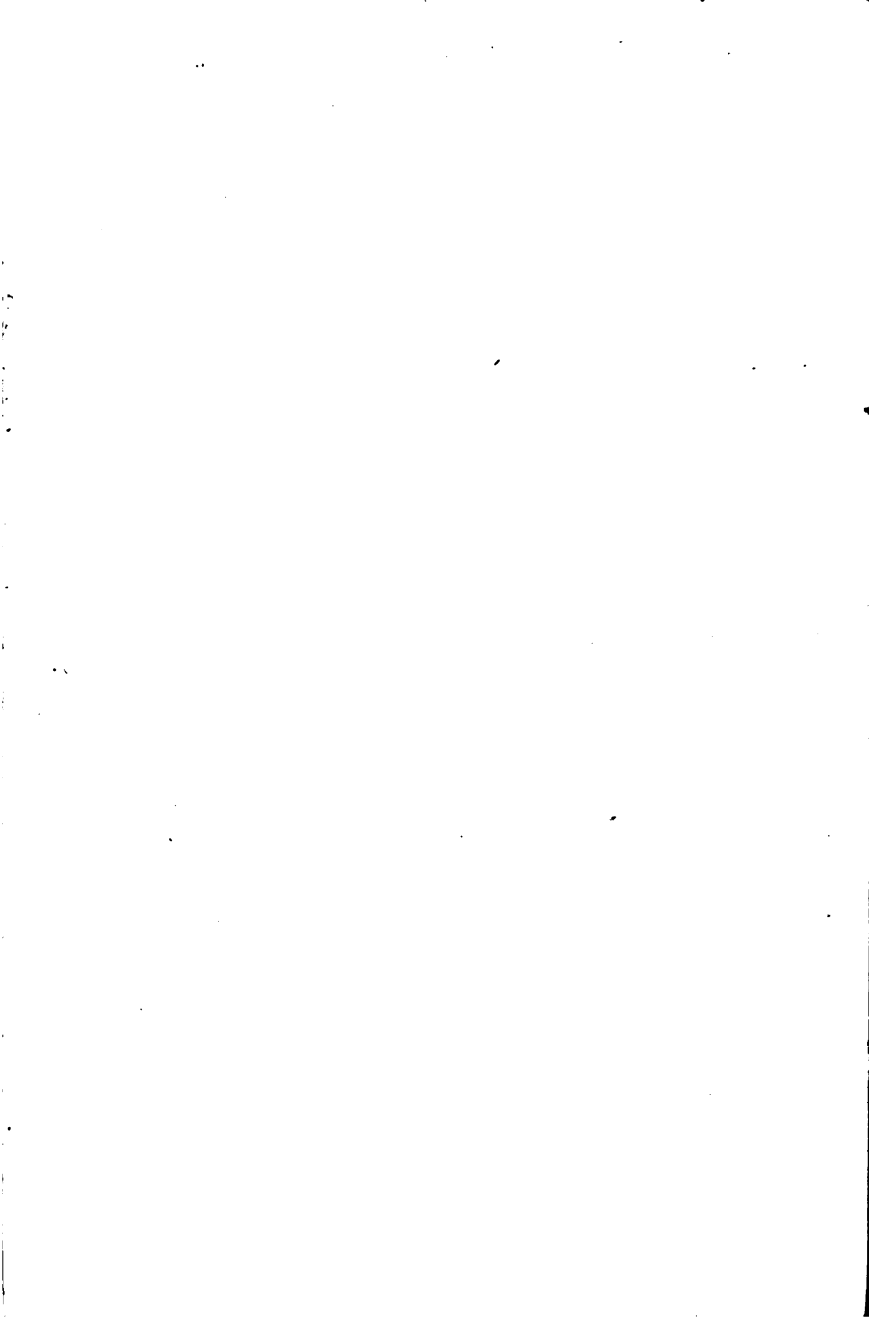
Edited by AMANDA B. HARRIS.

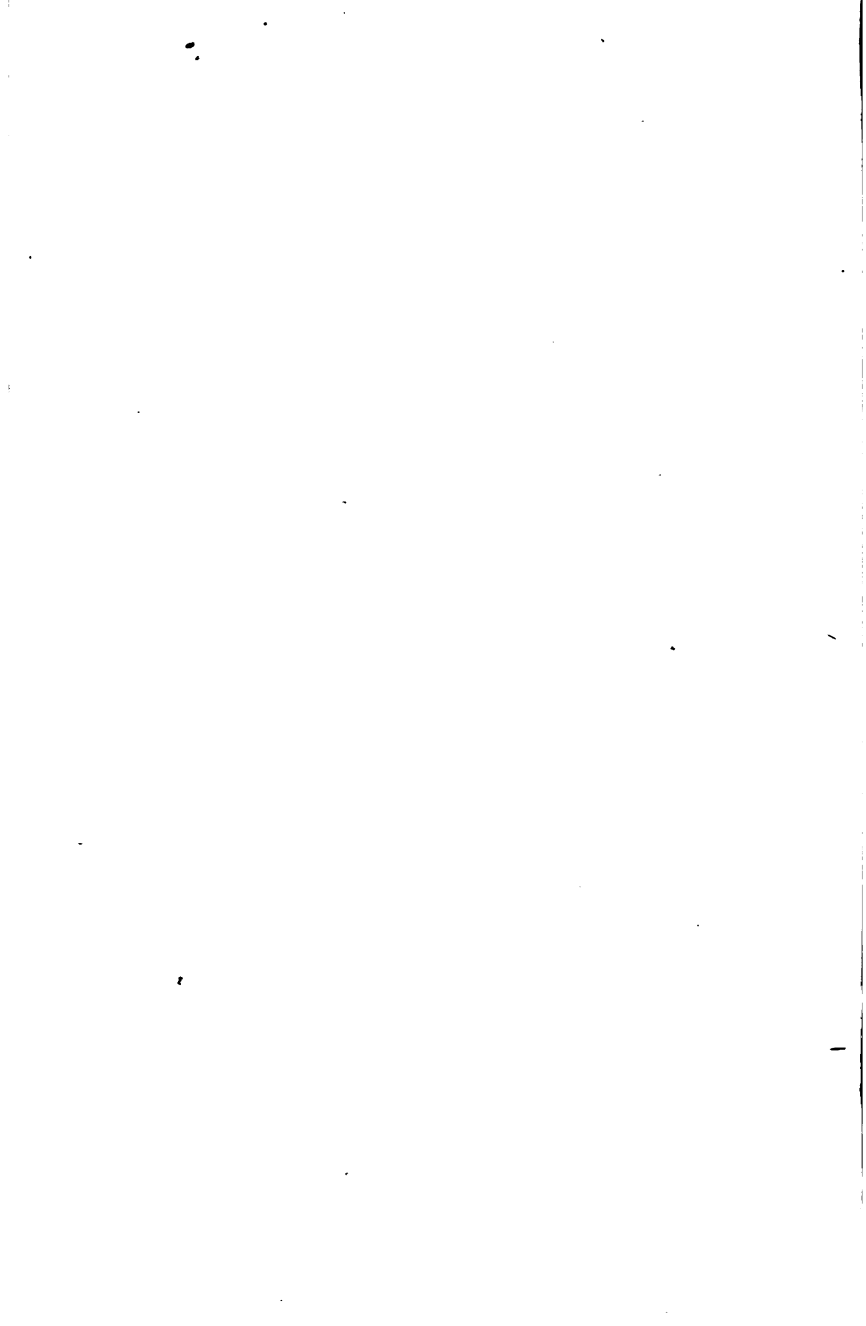
TWELVE COLOR DESIGNS EMBLEMATIC OF THE MONTHS.

By GEORGE F. BARNES.

Square 18mo, tinted edges, \$1.00.

D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers, 30 and 32 Franklin St., Boston.





~~XXXXXX~~
YB 74266

M111798

955

1
L

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

